



AS THEY CAME
TO ME

ELLIOT



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Marietta M. S. Elliot

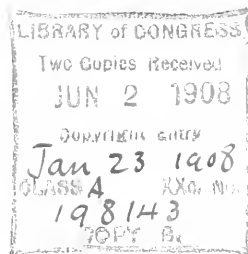
As They Came To Me

BY

MARIETTA M. S. ELLIOT

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MARIETTA M. S. ELLIOT



To those whom I have loved,
To those who have loved me,
Who have joyed in my prosperity
And have sorrowed for me in my adversity,
I lovingly dedicate these few of my gathered leaves.

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PRELUDE.

AS THEY CAME TO ME.

THEY come to me in hush of night,
Come in the rosy glow of morn,
Come when the world is glad and bright
In purple haze of twilight born,
On mountain top, in woodland shade,
Or deserts stretching far away,
Where rivers roll through meadowed glade,
From waving fields with blossoms gay,
And whisper, "Write!"

They come where swelling oceans wide
Speed on the ship with quivering sail—
When crested billows gaily ride
Sending some message on the gale ;
To me they come where cities' glare
Is turning somber night to day,
Where wrestled sorrow with despair,
And pleasure's revelries are gay
And whisper, "Write!"

Have come to me from battle plain—
 Where blood had crimsoned sod and snow,
 Tell of war's miseries and pain
 In messages so full of woe!
 From convicts in the prison cell,
 Who, lured by sin, mistook the way
 Temptation licensed! so they fell,
 No loving hand reached out to stay,
 They whisper, "Write!"

They come where days are fair and bright—
 Hearts thrilling with love's sweet surprise—
 The white stars drifting through the night
 Of halcyon days and summer skies;
 Come when the clouds of deep despair
 Gloom over all, love, life and soul;
 They tell me of a Father's care
 So pointing to a higher goal
 And whisper, "Write!"

They come in history—romance;
 Lessons with wisdom all aglow:
 It may be sorrow—joy perchance
 Things borne and ended long ago.
 Whisper from wealth of classic lore
 Of gods and goddesses benign,
 Phydean art, Socratic store
 And Homer's verses most divine
 And whisper, "Write!"

Why! why to me these voices come—
 To me, so small, their missions pour?
 To inspiration almost dumb,

What can I add their wealth before ?
Insistently they whisper still,
Some wait the messages you bear ;
This urge of soul, may others thrill,
A talent used, brings blessings rare,
And answers, "Write !"

Esthetic sentiment not all,
Nor metaphysics finer part—
Not phantasy's illusive call
But simple language, heart to heart;
And as the voices come to me
So I to you will humbly send:
"Words live forever." It may be
Some germinating thought they lend
To guide aright.





EASTER MORN

Easter Morn.

O the solemn benediction
That has hallowed Easter Morn,
Bringing hope and joy and gladness
To the millions yet unborn !
Small indeed the heart's oblation,
For this gift of life divine,
Poor the purest adoration,
For this pledge of love benign.

Earthly life is short and fleeting,
Transitory as the light,
And the human heart is crying,
“Stay, O! stay the coming night!”
History is all abounding
With this bitter, burning woe,
And the world in anguish groaneth
For some hope’s immortal glow.

All philosophers and sages,
Priests and poets, long had sought
By some occult erudition,
How to solve this anxious thought,
“What is life? And what is being?
What is soul? and if divine
Lives it through eternal ages?
Or does earthly life define?”

Theories, intricate and solemn,
Filled with deep mysterious awe,
They had builded in their wisdom,
Named them, “Universal Law.”
But the ages, filled on ages,
And the world was thirsting still,
Never answer seemed evolving,
All this longing to fulfill.

But a babe, born in a manger,
Lifted from the world its ban;
Angels brought the joyful tidings,
“Peace on earth, good will to man!”
My Father’s house hath many mansions,

I go to the place, prepare,
Where I am ye may be also,
Bliss transcendent reigneth there.

“I must die to teach the lesson,
But triumphant I shall rise,
Mortal, clothed with the immortal,
For the spirit never dies.
I will come, and ye shall witness,
As I walk beside the way,
That this death is but transition,
Reaching to eternal day.”

It was done, the promise finished,
Now the tomb holds not control,
For the Saviour has arisen,
Life the destiny of soul!
Praises sing, and glad hosannas,
Anthems all victorious ring!
Death and grave alike are vanquished,
Christ, the Lord, is king of kings!



WATCHING.

ALL the day long I have been watching, watching,
Some fairy ship go sailing to the sea;
And watching, wondered, from her untold treasures
What goodly boon she would bring back to me.

Have watched for feet that I heard faintly coming,
Step keeping step in rhythmic measure slow,
And that to me some destiny were bringing,
But joy or pain I could not even know.

On the green sward have watched strange shadows flitting
Like merry dancers, when the day's work is done,
Or like some fate so wierdly round me creeping,
And of their elfish figures making me one.

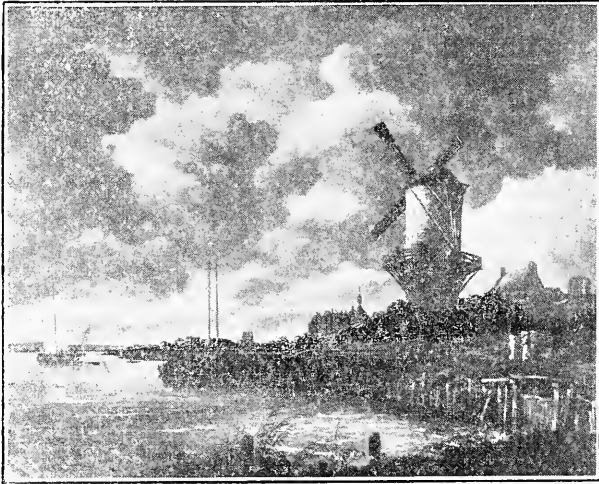
So often watched the low mysterious ticking
Of the old clock hanging against the wall,
Its mystic voices dreamily repeating
Familiar things I could but half recall.

Sometimes have watched the years come full of promise,
Joy crowding joy that seemed to fairly glow,
But every dream had its long shadow-sorrow,
For hand in hand they ever seem to go.

And I have watched, O lone and weary watching !
Beside a loved one fading fast away,
And watching, prayed, till stars went out in morning,
That the despoiler's hand I still might stay.

And often watch the last low pulse expiring,
Of the old year our garlands sadly lay, —
And vainly crying, “Dear, hasten not thy going!
We loved you so; O! Old Year, longer stay!”

Still we are watching for the New Year’s coming,
And give him hail, for he is young and bright;
And fondly dream he brings us joy and plenty,
Brimming them high with love’s own sweet delight.



WATCHING

So life is made of hopeful, happy watching,
Or patiently midst grief and care and wrong!
And blessed they who keep their lights still burning,
Waiting the bridegroom tarrying so long.

For only he who watcheth and prepareth,
Can take the good that cometh to his door,
But watching still, with lamp all trimmed and glowing,
Shall enter in, possess, nor ask for more.

Comfort Me Still.

DEAR mother, from thy blissful home of light
Waft thou thy way to thy sad child to-night.
Close fold me, mother, in thy fond embrace,
Press once again thy kisses on my face
And whisper to my heart some words of love
Of hope and cheer that in the world above
Thou, darling one, hast learned from our dear Lord
What I see dimly shadowed in the world.

Oh, let me feel thy loving spirit near,
That in the darkness I may know no fear,
And as thy love has blessed my life the while
I hunger for the sunshine of thy smile;
That in my heart the seed sowed by thy hand
May bring forth fruit that yet shall bless the land.

This was thy prayer, when in thy weakness here,
But now immortal, sainted mother, dear,
Wilt thou not strengthen, aid and guide my life,
To gather still my sheaves amid life's strife?

And when I come at eve, Oh, may I bring
Some garnered grain, 'twas thine to sow in Spring?
Some beaming smiles on faces wet with tears,
Some budding hopes in hearts grown dark with fears,
Some aspirations making glorious light
Where deep despair has settled into night?

Faith, labor, love, the outgrowth of them all,
These sheaves I fain would bring, however small,
Unto the Master.

Then blest spirit still
Cheer while I work and wait and trust His will.

HOPE.

HOPE is no brilliant meteor that flies
All hissing red along the sombre skies;
No lightning flash, straight cutting through the air,
Filling all space with hell's most lurid glare;
Nor like Aurora's host, with spear and lance,
With winged feet, leading the midnight dance;
But like the sun, that worlds on worlds inspire,
Blesses and warms with its white central fire.

Inspiring Genius! glowing all sublime
Through all the ages, child of every clime!
True as the seasons, constant as the spheres,
Blest guiding star, ashine through all the years!
O hoary hope! coeval with the earth!
E'er Egypt's pomp, or Pyramids had birth,
Primeval born! for medieval man
Thy smiling face has softened every band.

And through the dark of ages, still thy light
Has been the beacon guiding star of night.
Inspiring still to wait a brighter day,
But slowly rising through the misty gray.
Hope, Sweet Evangel! bearing still thy sign,—
A flaming torch, uplifting and benign.
And men and nations, guided by thy ray,
Have felt the promise of prophetic day.

Columbus heard thy voice and felt thy shine;
A world was born! the praise, O Hope, was thine!
New World! New Hope! large liberty has solved,
A fairer God, a truer man evolved.

Will They Greet Us at the River?

WILL they greet us at the river
When we reach the other shore?
Shall we see their loving faces
With the old time smile they wore?
Will they put their arms around us,
In the dear familiar way
That has made all life a rapture,
Turning darkest hours to day?

Will they meet us at the portals?
Shall we feel their sweet, warm breath
On our brows in sweet caressing?
Then would be no sting to death.
Will their dear lips smile a welcome
Just as sweetly as before?
And their faces, unforgotten,
Wake and thrill our hearts once more?

Oh! I long for vanished faces!
Long for voices heard no more,
Till I almost seem to see them
Waiting on the other shore.
And it seems we are not parted,
Sight is all we do not share,
And sometimes the veil is lifted
And I hail a vision fair.

And the hour of death and parting
Seems to quickly fade away,
And my mother, sisters, husband,
Are my own again to-day.
It was not the life that perished,
But life's garment laid away,
And celestial love and beauty
Make them dearer day by day.
And they smile and thrill and cheer me,
With a strange, uplifting spell,
Till my weary soul is rested,
And I whisper, "All is well."



Yet After All.

YET after all, yet after all,
Hope brightens as the words are said,
The light breaks in where dark clouds fall
And sets them aflame with purple and red,
For they are born of faith's bright beams
That through the darkness sweetly gleams.

When loved ones go from our embrace
To the other life, on the other side,
With kisses hot we press the face
And almost wish, we too, had died.
Yet after all, we say it slow,
It is not long before we go.

We loved, nay, worshiped, heart and brain,
Poured out on passion's burning shrine;
But ashes and a broken bowl
Of love's sweet longings make the sign;
Yet after all the smart and pain
We gladly take to dream again.

We labored long for some great good,
Till almost in our grasp it lay ;
A dreary gulf where we had stood,
And all, all else is swept away.
Yet after all God knoweth best
We say, and on His bosom rest.

Never so dark a cloud may fall,
Never so dreary a place we know,
But hope will whisper, "After all
Somehow, someway, it is best so;"
And past the gloom of bier and pall
Heaven sweetly brightens after all.

Better Things.

It were better could we open
All the windows of the soul,
Drinking deep the inspiration
Of a wisdom many fold;
High as heaven, deep as ocean,
Bounded by no earthly goal.

It were better could we ever
Labor for the broader light,
Noble deeds and high endeavor
Fill ambition's highest flight;
Sordid, selfish aims forever
Banish from our bosoms quite.

Trammeled by no superstition,
Bounded by no narrow creed,
Giving all a strong uplifting
Who are striving in their need;
Open wide the door of kindness,
Faith and courage shall succeed.

Man not to himself is living,
Unborn millions claim their due,
Possibilities are waiting
Limitless as heaven's blue;
Actions round in glowing measure,
The eternal ages through.

INFINITY.

O mysterious source of being,
Mystery of light and life!
Height and depth alike transcending,
Eager, bristling, burning strife.
Myriad are the forms of being
In this comprehensive plan,
Reaching out to the eternal,
Limit it no vision can.

Possibilities are broad'ning,
As the swelling skies above,
On and on through countless ages
Rounded by unmeasured love.
Worlds on worlds and still emergent,
Till imagination tires,
All reverberant and responsive,
With this life, magnetic fire.

Thrilling with adoring wonder,
Lost in contemplation grand,
Soul but beats its weary pinions
At the limitless expand.
Turning from this far outreaching,
To the smaller things of life
That are lying all about us,
Find we all with being rife.

And that all are thrilling, breathing,
As the starry hosts above,
Palpitating with emotion,
Throbbing with magnetic love,
In the rocks, as air and ether,
Thrills a life-defying sight.
And this subtle law, attraction,
Holds with a resistless might.

Let us take to heart this lesson,
God is love and life and light,
All in all still comprehending,
Then that life is God, is right.
That the breath of the Jehovah
Thrills the planets as the flower,
And proclaims the soul immortal,
Called to life by the same power.



The Ship New Year.

THE ship New Year is coming in
With masts erect and canvas spreading,
With chiming bells and joyous din,
Like princess to a royal wedding.

Proudly defiant, sail and spar,
Softly the breezes speed her sailing,
Sending caresses from afar—
Evangelists of her merry hailing.

Laden full well, from stem to stern,
She something brings for every dwelling ;
The jewel-freighted ship in turn
With fortunes good and bad is swelling.

Lands, gold and silver, home and friends,
With all this comprehends in blessing,
Health, fame and honor, still she sends
With faith and hope and love's caressing.

Alas ! Alas ! Would this were all,
This ship so fairy-like is bringing;
How the unnumbered, great and small,
Would wake the welkin with their singing.



THE SHIP NEW YEAR

But unto some despair and gloom,
And broken idols she is bearing,
Dead loves, false hopes, unanswered boons
She scatters far with reckless daring.

And still to all, this fateful ship,
Her golden promises are flinging,
And so we hail her oars' swift dip,
And set the tuneful bells a-ringing.

For in each breast blind faith still feels
The Father-love serenely showing ;
And through the darkest cloud there steals
Glimpses of sunshine sweetly glowing.

“Into all lives some rain must fall.”
Which is the best, the shade or shining ?
To loving Law we trust it all,
Nor dare to question this defining.

If wisdom may the planets charm,
Compelling to attentive coursing ;
His children He will guard from harm,
By love's divinest, sweetest forcing.

Then ring sweet bell! Ring peal on peal!
And trust the ship with jewel freighting ;
Gemmed are the hours that crowd her keel,
Ring in the peerless days, awaiting.



As Kind as the Old Has Been to Me.

AS I kneel by the bier of the year
So silently passing away,
And take in review the joy and the fear,
It has brought me day after day.
I can only ask that the new shall be
As kind as the old has been to me.

No ashes of love lie cold on the hearth,
No darling has gone away,
What matters it, then, that hopes that had birth
Have bloomed or died with the day?
So I only ask that the new shall be
As kind as the old has been to me.

It has given the smile and the tear,
Something of sorrow and care,
But sunshine has lain on faces most dear,
And nerved heart and hand to bear.
So I only ask that the new shall be
As kind as the old has been to me.

Then with blessings I will crown the old year
So swiftly passing away,
And trustfully greet, with right hearty cheer,
The one that shall wake with the day.
And will only ask that it shall be
As kind as the old has been to me.

Household Music.

HOW the household music lingers,
With its laughter and its tears,
That some early song remembered
And some silent voice endears.
How they sweep the cords of feeling,
Sadly tender memory swells,
As from out the mists of twilight
Comes the chime of far-off bells.

Mother's lullaby carressing,
Soothes her darling into sleep,
Loving notes ring on to manhood,
Clearer through the years they sweep,
And her softest tones reverberant,
Thrill and flood the being through,
Though the tender lips are silent,
Ring they still with songs anew.

Strike the harp and wake the viol,
Sweetest melodies respond,
And with tenderest emotion
Echo back some message fond.
While the strings are throbbing, panting,
With the love they would express,
Soul interpreting their music,
Brimming full of tenderness.

Music is the soul of being,
Breath of poesy divine,
Thrilling through all inspiration,
Hope and life and love the sign.
When the morning stars together
Sang the pean of the day,
Harmony awoke its grandeur,
Melody its sweetest lay.

SILENCE.

I have felt the awful grandeur
Of a silence all supreme,
When the universe of nature
Seems a deep, mysterious dream,
When the panting stars were drifting
In a sea of ether blue,
And the voices of the stillness
Stirred and thrilled me through and through.

How the heart is awed and flooded
By this great eternal still,
That the earth and sea and heavens
Overshadowed, seem to fill.
Palpitating, glowing ever,
Quite submerging, being, place,
And the soul alone seems sovereign,
Filling all of time and space.

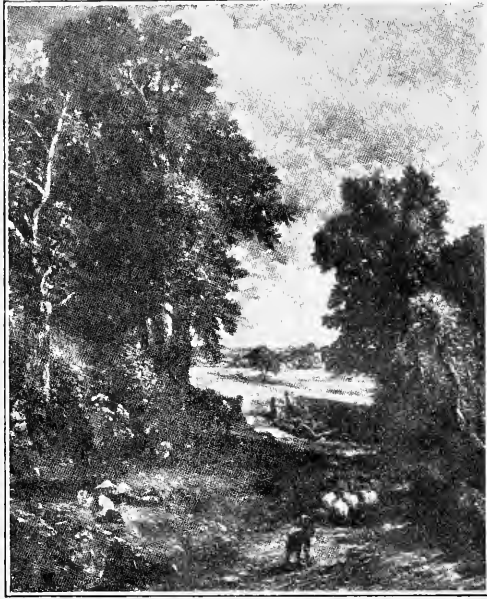
Silence almost overwhelming
In its irresistible course,
Draws us, holds us to its bosom
With its mute, magnetic force ;
Unsung songs of air and ocean,
All enraptured hearts repeat,
Till transported with emotion
By its voiceless music sweet.

O ! The voices of the silence,
How they quiver, tremble, thrill,
Throbbing through the dreamy ether
All their mission to fulfill ;
Till life's harmony completed
In an anthem wierd and strong,
That was borne from out the silence,
Still reverberates with song.

When out on the swelling ocean,
Stars above and stars below,
Never sound, but of the billows
In their ceaseless ebb and flow ;
Silence voices the Eternal,
In His hands the waters sleep ;
For He rideth on the whirlwind,
And His Spirit walks the deep.

Silence audible seems ringing
Through the solemn arch of night,
And the starry hosts are marching
In a firmament of white,
All enravished with the beauty
Of a music unexpressed,
Swoons the soul from very rapture
In infinitude of rest.





SUMMER DREAMING

Reminiscence.

A deep, deep sky, of the purest azure,
With white clouds drifting low,
Whispering winds with musical measure,
Stirring the green leaves slow.

Wavy and soft as a maiden's tresses,
Green fields stretching away,
Buttercups bask in beautiful dresses,
Daises are smiling and gay.

Lazily swaying the apple-blossoms
Drift down garlands of snow,
Breath of locust, of lilac and roses
Are charming the senses so.

Song of thrush and robin and linnet
Flooding the ambient air,
Blushing clover, bees hovering in it,
Gathering sweetness rare.

Softly and slow my hammock is swinging
Under the spreading trees ;
And voices gone seem tenderly ringing
Along the perfumed breeze.

And other skies are smilingly bending,
Gold and purple and blue,
And other dreams again are blending
Sweeter than sapphire's hue.

Again the apple-blossoms are drifting,
Pink and pearly and white,
And witching memories deftly lifting
The dear old-time delight.

Again I listen to robin and linnet,
Drifting away, away ;
The seas of the past give the old loves in it,
My very own to-day.

Memorial Day Poem.

TO deck our soldiers' graves,
Do honor to our braves,
We meet to-day.
And flowers bright and fair,
Still breathing perfume rare
Above them lay !

And heart-throbs every flower
Should fill with sweetest power
Our dead to bless.
Dead, did I say ? Oh, no,
Though here they're lying low
They live not less.

In every bell that rings,
That musically sings
Of liberty,
In every flag unfurled
Proclaiming to the world
That man is free.

In all that makes our laws
To manhood's holy cause
A tribute pay.
In every home and heart
They all must hold a part
And live to-day.

It is for these they sleep
While friends above them weep
 And garlands lay.
But only gone before,
They through the portals bore
 Their laurels gay.

And what a crown to wear !
O ! wonderously fair
 A race redeemed.
Of one so dazzling bright,
Of royalty's own light
 They never dreamed.

* * * * * * *

A story is told of a city old
That had angered the gods with wickedness bold ;
And a chasm deep at their very feet
Earth opened wide, it was justice mete ;
From ruin to all there seemed no retreat.

And the people counseled, the wise and brave,
How appease the gods and the city save ;
And the wisest thing seemed that each should bring
Of their treasures best, the goodliest thing,
And in the abyss, though priceless, should fling.

'Twas done—but the chasm yawned and widened still,
The gods had not of vengeance their fill ;
All pale with despair the young and the fair
Must still the horrors of the dread gulf share,
Could anything save they could do or dare ?

Just then came a youth, rich, manly and fair,
Of parentage high and lineage rare,
Clad in armor bright and mounted for fight
He rode to the brink in beautiful might,
A moment he paused—was buried from sight.

The great chasm closed, the city was saved,
The gods were appeased by the youth so brave.
He had given the BEST, more than all the rest,
The manhood that dared even death to breast,
'Twas the dearest gift, the noblest, blest.

So when we had sinned with a mighty hand,
And the bondman's cry made dreary the land ;
Dire treason and hate, home, country and state
Threatened to engulf, it seemed as a fate
That our costliest treasures might not abate.

Then not one youth, but thousands strong,
Armed with the right to battle the wrong,
Their manhood they gave our country to save,
Kind noble brothers ; true patriots brave ;
They'd died that the flag in triumph should wave.

Thousands on thousands as manly and strong
Filled up the thin ranks and marched boldly along,
Till again and again spring gladdened the plain,
The call came anew and still to the brave,
For manhood alone our country could save.

* * * * *

Now with the martyred band
They watch and guard the land
 They died to save.
With every star more clear,
Each principle more dear,
 Our flag shall wave.

And while our armies here
Spread flowers far and near
 Our country o'er,
A spirit host we know
Drop blessings as they go
 And walk before.

O ! tenderly then spread
On every soldier's bed
 Lily and rose;
As mother on her breast
Hushes her babe to rest,
 Soothe their repose.

For wearily they came,
Wounded and sick and lame
 To rest here ;
Hunger and fever slow,
In most exquisite woe
 Prepared each bier.

Or else in flame and fire
Their wrapt souls mounted higher
 Where battles roared;
From Gettysburg's red plain,
Vicksburg and Ball's Bluff slain
 Exultant soared !

And from Potomac's side,
Or ocean's sobbing tide
 They've gathered here ;
Or sleep where other hands
Must braid the rosy bands
 Or drop a tear.

But while we sing the glory,
No words may tell the story
 Of hopeless woe !
Hearts all torn asunder
By battle's awful thunder,
 But God can know.

Then violets of spring,
And apple-blossoms bring,
 And daisies white ;
Lilies and lilacs gay
Filled with the breath of May
 And pearly bright.

Let all the children bring
Some tender offering
 Of rosy bands ;
For their's the bright fruition,
Then bless the recognition
 With pure white hands.

And while with reverend care
We braid our garlands fair
 For heroes brave ;
Their sweet entwinings fill
With messages to thrill
 Way o'er the grave.

Petals with kiss and tear
Press full for every bier
 Where soldiers lay ;
And all their fragrance rare
Shall sweet pulsations bear
 Of love to-day.

Then reverently kneel
And with these tributes seal
 A pledge of trust ;
And make your vows anew
Forever to be true
 Above their dust.

True to your banner bright,
To freedom's beacon light,
 True to the brave ;
True to the ones they leave
In loneliness to grieve
 That stars may wave.

And filled with holiest prayer
We will our wreaths prepare
 For those away ;
Who all unhonored sleep
Where never lovers weep
 Or roses lay.

Nor earth above so chill
Feel the delicious thrill
 Of loving hands ;
But one we know will spread
Sweet lilies o'er each bed
 And flowery bands.

And while we blessings twine
In every rosy vine

 We lay to-day ;
All benedictions mete
We lovingly repeat
 For boys in gray.

And now, O God, to Thee !
Author of powers that be
 We would implore—
Peace for the braves who sleep,
Comfort for those who weep,
 And WAR no more.



Ode to the Ocean.

I have stood beside the ocean with its mighty rolling tide,
I have listened to its symphonies out-floating wild and
wide;

I have watched the swelling billows as they broke in frosty
line

Like a martial host advancing with mysterious tread and
sign.

I have felt the starry splendor as the white sails drifted by,
Throwing out their phantom banners wide against the
evening sky;

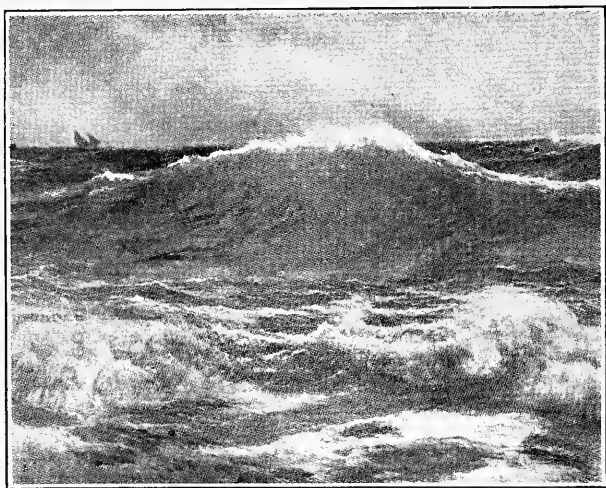
When the canopy of heaven bending low with mute caress,
Spread a jeweled mantle o'er it from its own resplendent
dress.

I have noted the pulsations of its deeply-heaving breast,
When the softly-sighing breezes had cajoled it into rest;
And have seen it, roused in terror, mount in fury of surprise
Till the dashing waves seemed eager for a battle with the
skies.

I have knelt in adoration to its all-majestic power
As it rocked the mountain billows, as the zephyrs breathe
a flower;

And have hushed my heart to listen to the weird, wild
melody,
There reverberating ever through its deep-toned orchestra.

But adoring turns to pity as I hear the wail and sigh
Coming from its restless bosom, echoed back by wave and
sky;
When I hear the marching waters breaking, breaking on
the shore,
And the snap of straining fetters mingling with its sullen
roar.



ODE TO THE OCEAN

When I hear it moaning, sobbing, all along the cove and bay,
By its trophies all surrounded and where spoils so thickly
lay;
Then I envy not the power that such fearful vigils keep;
Well I know its heart is breaking and its waters never sleep.

The Garden by the Sea.

THEN I turned me from the ocean to the garden by the
sea,
Where the opal waves translucent, kissed the sands
caressingly;
Where the lullaby of waters floating resonant and gay,
In and out amidst the shallows where the dancing ripples
play,
And the greening earth lies fallow to the sunshine and the
dew,
With her emerald robes a-glitter and with pearls bespangled
new,
As some oriental Goddess with her gorgeous garments dyed,
In the royal glow of sunset where the Moslem houris hide.

Here the summer voices murmur, sweetly tremulous and
slow,
And in wise mysterious whispers weirdly talk with grasses
low
That a-thrill with subtle feeling, nod such mystical replies;
You are reverent with wonder and the marvel of surprise.
Softly sighing zephyrs winging in the souging of the
trees
As they shake their silken banners to the gaily rhythmic
breeze;
And the bright-eyed, laughing pansy turns to you her pretty
face
As she challenges your worship with her most bewitching
grace.

Fairest garden! sweetest roses open wide their hearts of gold,

All in occidental splendor that the sunset gates unfold;
Roses crimson, red and yellow, roses pink and creamy white,
Roses filled with sweetest perfume, charming all the senses quite.

Here geranium and aster, hyacinth, or violet blue,
Rioting in wealth of color, reveling in prismic hue,
Daisies, marigolds and mallows, lilac, snow-ball, pink and white,
Bringing back the childhood garden with its dear old-time delight.

Here this miracle of color, magical and unsolved power,
With its myriads of shading, painting leaf and bud and flower;

Where the cacti from the desert with the air-fed orchids vie

With their beauteous blossoms lifted to the smiling sapphire sky.

Just as sweet in dimpled graces, just as rich in silken sheen,
From the ocean's shells and rubies, both alike their colors glean;

Just as moist their sun-kissed petals, just as rich in royal birth,

Still for one the air and water, one the dreariest of earth.

Clover white and red is tempting bees to honied banquet meet,

And the tasseled-locust blossoms fill the air with odors sweet;

Golden lilly-bells a-ringing thrill the subtle misty air,

And the lily-cups, extending, hold enchantments sweet and
rare;
All galore the feathered songsters with their golden throats
in tune,
Till you almost swoon in rapture with the ravishments of
June;
Brightest oriole and linnet, robin-red-breast, bobolink,
In their rivalry of music make the earth and heaven link.

Here the old man reminiscent, dreams life's battles o'er and
o'er,
And the frail old wife beside him lives the honeymoon once
more;
For the father, wife and children, from the oldest to the
least,
Waves and music, rest and freedom, make the Sabbath's
hallowed feast.
Here alike the rich and poor hold a bliss beyond compare,
Sickly child and weary mother, beauty air and sunshine
share,
Young men woo and maidens listen, emphasized by hands
and eyes,
Mystical the strange attraction, magical the low replies.

Mimic lakes and rustic bridges, little boys and girls at play,
Fairy grottoes, falling waters make serene the live-long day;
Sculptured monuments of marble to perpetuate the praise
Of our heroes, add their grandeur, making classic all its
ways.
Distant bells come softly stealing, sensuous with bliss
complete,
And like dim, cathedral music, song and chorus both repeat;
Dreamy voices, faintest perfume, singing birds and bough
and bee,
Not for me, the grand old ocean, but the garden by the sea.

Better Than We Pray.

BETTER than we can ask, O God,
Thou wilt in love bestow,
Withholding oft some cherished good,
Hedging the way we go;
But loving arms surround us still,
And wisdom all thy chastening fill.

Better than we can ask, O God,
Thy love outspeeds the prayer;
Returning day but proves anew
A constant, watchful care,
And that our steps may never stray
Where love illumines not the way.

Better than we can ask, dear Lord,
As children oft we cry,
For dazzling toys that hurt and bruise,
Nor doubt they satisfy;
But love divine withholds the prize,
And loving, pitying, denies.

Better than we can ask, dear Lord,
Far better than we pray;
For in the dark we grope along—
Thou seest clear the way.
Where we are blind be Thou our sight,
In doubt and darkness be the light.

Better than we can ask, O God,
Then may we calmly rest,
As trustfully when skies are drear,
As when gold paints the west.
But whisper, with submission still,
Not mine, O Father, but Thy will.

Better than we can ask, dear Lord,
When in death's valley drear
The cold, dark shadows round us creep,
May we not shrink or fear;
We shall not walk the vale alone,
But rest our hands within Thine own.



Do They Hear.

MIDST the flowing of the waters
Onward rushing to the sea,
All the air with music flooding,
I am dreaming, dear, of thee.
And I see thy smooth, broad forehead,
Bearing just a trace of pain,
Eyes that search the soul for answer
Smile into my own again.

Lips a-quiver with deep feeling,
Sensitive, yet firm and true,
All their old kind words repeating,
And are blessing still anew.
And I wonder, wonder, wonder,
If thou still cans't know and hear
All our cries of tender anguish,
If thy spirit hovers near!

And will guide us in the darkness,
That our feet go not astray,
Till within the shining portals
We walk in the light of day.
Vain they tell me thou art sleeping
In a lone and far-off grave;
Thou art near me, I am answered,
Heart to heart responses gave.

Club Poem.

To Mrs. Sarah Aldrich, widow of Col. Cyrus Aldrich, Congressman from Minnesota

DEAR honored friend, and hostess ever kind,
 Language is poor when we would fain express
 How deep and tender are the ties that bind
 Our hearts to thee in sympathies that bless
 The entertainer and her humble guest.

The circling years have found us gathered here
 In the dear home made by thy presence bright,
 Where week by week we gather healthful cheer,
 As still we seek to garner truth and light
 From brave, sweet lives, devoted to the right.

Greece we have studied, palaces and art,
 The sculptor, painter, orator and sage,
 The Roman Senate and her grander mart,
 Where mighty Cæsar filled the glowing page
 With pomp, surpassing any other age.

And ancient Egypt's scientific lore,
 Her seats of learning and long Ptolemaic line,
 O'er German kings and emperors we pore
 With philosophic scholars of the Rhine,
 Or those who sang in language most divine.

Norway and Sweden, Italy and Spain

We see evolving, molding broader minds,
And how oppressive Russia makes her gains,
Have tried to read between the written lines,
The mills grind slow, but God the time assigns.

England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and France

Pass in review, and martyrs, heroes, kings,
Who left their steps in history or romance,
And filled their cycle that resistless wings
Some better hope and better promise brings.

Columbia's sons, the children born of ages,

Statesman and warrior, orator and seer,
Who have won place beside earth's wisest sages,
And been acknowledged by each king a peer
Have made life grander, freer, doubly dear.

Long live our hostess, may she still be spared

To others bless as she has blessed our club,
Till grown so pompous we should almost dare
To patronize such coteries of the Hub—
At least against their royal robes to rub.

Much we have read, and could the half be told

How we have toiled and grown so very wise,
The sneering critic might pronounce us bold;
And the dead sages, quickened with surprise,
Turn in their graves and open wide their eyes.

We learn how low that royalty can be

When swayed by passion, selfishness and pride;
And that as knightly men of low degree,
Who for their fellows loyally have died
That juster law and freedom might abide.

Within these parlors, spacious, warm and bright,
Many a royal banquet has been spread,
Where authors, poets, sages, made the light,
Our gentle hostess ever at our head—
And by their presence we were warmed and fed.

Forgotten envy, prejudice and pride.
With such companions could we ask for more?
With all this wealth to beautify each life,
From all the past to gather in our store,
While just ahead, aglow, the brighter shore?



Be True.

WOULD you when you wear the glory
Of time's silver threaded crown,
When your willing feet are weary
With life's busy, ceaseless round,
Looking backward through the distance,
O'er the steep and crowded road,
See the miles stones gleaming brightly,
Marking kindly acts, and good?

Would you battle wrong and error,
Be they strong and old as time,
Though from all the crowd about you
Never comes responsive chime?
Asking, knowing only duty,
Trusting in the God of might,
Speaking valiant words for justice,
Bravely daring death for right?

Would you unto hearts desponding,
Still some word of comfort bring,
And upon the darkening pathway,
Some bright ray of promise fling?
Teaching how that e'en the darkness
May but herald greater life,
Just as rosy morrow ever
Presses close upon the night?

That life's ills may be but seeming,
Working out a higher bliss,
Just as death is but the gateway
To the brighter world than this.
And though waiting in the market,
Idle still until mid-day,
God will, be we willing, ready,
Work and waiting both repay.

Would you thus look o'er life's pathway?
Would you wrestle thus with wrong?
Would you cheer the sad and weary?
Then be true and brave and strong.
Loyal to each high conviction,
Walk out bravely in its light,
True to self and to your Maker,
Firm in justice, truth and right.

Grandest lives are made of trifles,
Then a smile and now a tear,
Giving bread to feed the hungry,
Speaking words of kindly cheer.
But Oh, in the great hereafter,
In eternity's broad light,
True kind acts may be the jewels
In the crown of glory bright.

Oft a tear, stern hearts has melted,
Smiles have pierced the deepest gloom,
And a timely word of courage
Saved a mighty soul from doom.
Actions, how like pearls we string them,
One by one and hour by hour;
Small they are but rich in value,
Then be true and know thy power.

IDEALS.

'T IS hard to put things loved away,
And so be true to your ideals,
Walking the darker path to-day
When sunshine makes aglow the real;
To hold a cause, the world might jeer,
Because you set your duty higher,
When never good it brings to you,
And tries your soul as if by fire.

That other feet may thereby find
The darkened path of life the clearer,
You give your aid to help mankind,
So making life a little dearer.
And hard to feel the chill of hand,
Averted look or slight still plainer
Of those who walk the brighter land,
Content if they are but the gainer.

This life is such a little thing,
What hurts or stings not worth the heeding!
The wound may hardly cease to sting
When some in turn your aid is needing.
Then doubt not that a loving care
Is guiding, though the way be dreary,
For He who numbers every hair
Will give support when you are weary.

Who shapes the snow-flake's star-like mote,
And marches it in rythmic measure,
Who guides the pollen by His thought
To organize another treasure.
Who leads the rivers in the trees,
To bud and flower transfiguration,
How to evolve He wisely sees
Your highest, best amelioration.



Starving for Something Beautiful.

Suggested by hearing a friend say a few days before she died,
"I am starving for something beautiful."

STARVING for something beautiful,
Yearning for something bright,
Thirsting as only soul can thirst
For color, grace and light.
Hues harmoniously blended,
As in the spirit's dream,
The sunlight making the golden,
The moon the silver gleam.

For the fairy forms of beauty,
That when I close my eyes
Come hovering all around me,
Filling with sweet surprise.
Draperies formed of the twinings
Of penciled leaf and vine,
With forms exquisitely moulded,
Making of life the sign.

For the brightly, glowing sunshine,
That creeps where shadows lay,
Dancing in mystical silence
Till even they seem gay.
So full and complete the brightness
And splendor of which I dream,
That the glow above is real,
And shadows only seem.

But open my eyes, and greets me
Only my darkened room,
And my heart cries so for the beauties
I wove in fancy's loom.
And I try to bring them and hang them
Upon the bare old wall,
In the corners dark, where only
The shade and grayness fall.

But they vanish as I touch them,
And heart grows cold and still
With its load of loves and longings
That life will never fill.
Still I thank God for the vision,
Though it gladdens not my sight,
For dreams that open the portals
To the blessed city of light.

And I know that over the river,
That now is chilling my feet,
Prophecies uttered in yearnings
Will find responses complete;
That the Father of love and beauty
Will surely answer my cry,
My dreams fulfilled to repleteness,
In beautiful mansions on high.





MARJORIE

MARJORIE.

DEAR little blue-eyed baby girl
Who set our hearts all in a whirl,
When you a sweet evangel came,
Bringing no gifts our love to claim
But baby fame.

You precious thing with starry eyes,
Sweet dreams of heaven in them lies,
So full of wonder and surprise,
To kisses cooing queer replies
With look so wise!

Dear dimpled hands that roses vie,
Does wealth of pearls within them lie?
That them you hold so close and tight,
With clinging fingers pink and white,
 You little sprite!

Never such cunning feet, I trow,
Ten little rose-buds in a row,
May they be swift to find the way
Of golden stairs, day after day,
 Dear little Fay!

Sweetest evangel may you bear
To homes and hearts a blessing rare,
To drive the flitting cares away,
And line with gold the shadow gray,
 The livelong day!

Dear little blue-eyes, still be true
In every thing you find to do,
Go early sowing precious seeds
That yet may blossom into deeds,
 And golden sheaves.



Did I Kiss Him Much To-day?

DID I kiss him much to-day,
Hands and lips and cheeks and brow?
Did he know I loved him so?
Never can I tell him now.

Tell me did I kiss him oft,
As I watched him through the day,
Dreaming not the angels then
Nearer to bear my boy away?

“Mamma, read the story through,
Sit right by me on the bed.”
Could I know in three short hours,
I would hold my darling dead?

“Bessie’s Loves,”—I read it through,
As the dusk grew on apace,
Had I dreamed, Oh how I should
Have rained the kisses on his face.

“Now I want to go to sleep,
Precious mama, let me rest,
Closely folded in your arms
And my head upon your breast.”

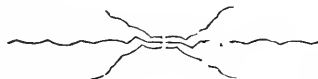
Strange I did not understand,
Patient boy, this cry for sleep,
Watching all unconscious still,
While death shadows round you creep.

He is growing so, so cold,
As I hug him to my breast.
O, my sweetheart did I dream
This could be the longed for rest?

Now I give you kiss on kiss,
Lovett, darling, do you know
How it breaks my heart, dear boy,
So, so soon to let you go?

Did a Father need you more?
Will He better guard and guide?
O my heart's ease, shall we meet,
Know and love on heaven's side?

Will you come sometime my sweet,
With caresses as of yore?
Shall I feel your influence sweet,
Guiding as you walk before?



Welcome to the G. A. R.

HAIL to the veterans who fought for our banner,
Advancing it high in the van of the fight,
Who carried the old Ship of State through the breakers
That angrily threatened through treason's dark night.

Hail to the soldiers who foot-sore and weary
Loyally marched to the drum and fife,
Valiantly braving the death-storming bullets,
Bearing their breasts for Columbia's life !

How proudly each soldier marched oft to the battle,
With the daring of boys and endurance of men,
They come with the silver a-shine in their hair,
Their feet miss the ringing that followed them there.

They come, aye! are coming, in touch with the hour,
Voicing the loyalty then filling each breast,
Behind them an army all silently lying,
What love shall we give them, how hallow their rest?

On land and on sea our flag waves triumphant,
Not a single star dimmed, not a stain on its fold;
On earth and on ocean a rainbow of promise
For liberty's children to cherish and hold.

“All is quiet to-day along the Potomac,”

No hell-raining bullets, no sulphurous smoke,
No groans of the dying, no blood on the river,
But freedom triumphant God’s blessing invoke.

Now fling out your flags till the city shall blossom,
Transcendent in beauteous red, white and blue,
That trembling flame in a great sea of glory,
With greeting befitting her patriots true.

Ring the bells, joy-bells, in church, tower and steeple,
Peal on peal reverberating up to the skies,
That quivering throb with the hearts of a people
Who never forget and whose love never dies.

Boom, boom out your welcome ye deep-throated cannon !
As ye boomed out at Sumpter that long April night;
As ye boomed out at Bull Run, Balls Bluff and Antietam,
Or triumphantly boomed from Gettysburg height !

And shout, gallant freeman, ’till acclaims rend the ether,
Floating onward, and on, over city and tide,
’Till Arlington’s voices responsively echo
Their royal salute from the army that died!



Ode of Welcome to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge
of Good Templars.

BROTHERS and sisters we greet you to-night
With words of welcome, of courage and cheer,
As we meet again to work for the right,
And pledge to the cause so vitally dear.
“The world is our field,” our mission is high,
The fallen to raise, the erring reclaim,
And out on the breeze, beneath every sky,
Our banner’s afloat,—a high mountain of flame.

Our army recruited from every land,
From every nation, color and creed,
With heart joined to heart and hand within hand,
Our watchword—for God and humanity’s need!
We honor the hero who dies for the right,
Where army meets army in deadly array;
But to live and make live in glorious might
Is royally grander than brothers to slay.

Then where there is weakness and sorrow and sin,
A heart-broken wife or mother to cheer,
A child or a youth from temptation to win,
To the waters of life that are sparkling and clear.
There is our labor and strong arms we’ll bear,
Shirking no duty and fearing no foe.
“The world is our field,” its labors to share
Our honor and pride wherever we go.

Then greeting we give, the purest and best,
Our hearts, as our homes, your presence shall fill.
The north and the south, the east and the west,
We welcome you all with right royal will!
From where the Atlantic sobs on by its shore,
Or peaceful Pacific just kissed by the sand,
The great restless Gulf makes its deep-sullen roar,
Or mighty St. Lawrence breaks flood through the land,
The North Star State greets you with right hearty cheer,
And again to our cause we pledge you anew;
Subjects of Briton or subjects of Spain,
Of dear sunny France or Italy bright!
Wherever the tempter has planted his bane
We join you in battle for God and the right.
No nation, no creed, no high and no low,
No north and no south, no east and no west,
Only God's children, enough this to know,
Then doing our duty we trust Him the rest.



PROGRESS.

A wide swelling sea or limitless ocean,
A beautiful ship so peerless and white,
And close by the helm in eager emotion
Progress is guiding in fearless delight.

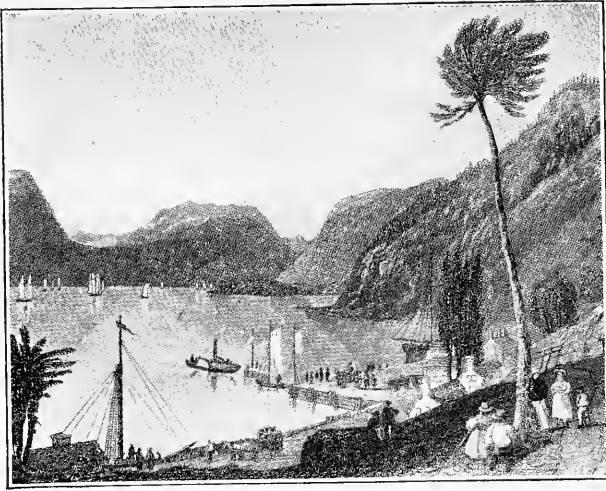
With Venus-like form and Juno-like daring,
Eyes glowing like stars she peers through the night;
Minerva might envy her goddess-like bearing
Veering so wisely from left to the right.

Stemming the tide of a great rolling river,
Fearlessly sailing the wide inland seas,
Never a tremor and never a quiver,
But bearing her brow to the high northern breeze.

Touching the shore of a state or a nation,
The land grows bright and death-shadows flee,
And sore-hearted men by wise revelation
Lift their bowed heads and a heritage see.

Women sad-eyed catch the beautiful vision,
Watching they wait for the swift-coming dawn,
Wrapt in the glow of a brighter elysian,
Keeping their vigils till morrow's high morn.

And shivering children are warmed in her smiling,
She bringeth them bread, their hearth fires re-light,
And laughter and song are sweetly beguiling
Echoes from homes that are happy and bright.



PROGRESS

She bruises the sod, the harvests are glowing,
 Golden the sheaves, they are bristling with joy,
 Hurrying streams abundantly flowing,
 Turning the wheels in their helpful employ.

She tears away creeds and blind superstition,
 Then pours in the balm love's alchemists know,
 Humanities bloom with brightest fruition,
 History's pages more luminous grow.

Slavery, oppression and war's desolation,
 Shrink from the glow of her torches' bright glare;
 Wisdom and kindness and love's inspiration,
 Progress enhances with miracles rare.

Hail, progress! All Hail! Hail beautiful angel!
 Onward and on all thy messages bear!
 Uplift and inspire, O sweetest evangel,
 Till banished from earth all sorrowing care!

POVERTY.

O poverty! thou art so cruel ever
Delighting still to add some sharper pain,
Vaunting thyself where joyous smiles come never,
And vanquished bliss shall never come again.
Pursuing still where men are broken-hearted,
Haunting them on with thy wild, frenzied eye;
And high endeavor ever more departed,
For at thy coming bliss and gladness fly.

For you, lone wretch, thou art forever waiting,
And new device of wretchedness employ,
With every woe and curse retaliating,
Thou heapest high with almost fiendish joy.
His was a life-time bristling with pleasure,
Men crowded hard who should his bounties share,
Ambition urged and wealth's beguiling treasure,
Drove far away all thought of doubt and care.

Still the gay world her revels weirdly keeping,
Forgets the stabs that poverty must bear
Who laughs with you is seldom with you weeping,
All shrink from pain, from weariness and care,
Thou bruise'st sore the weary-footed mother
Slow toiling on that children may have bread,
And clinging close, aye, closer than a brother,
Still burdens add until she shrieks with dread.

She was so happy in her youth's glad morning,
And peerless grandeur filled her noon-day skies.
And brighter dreams still seemed forever dawning,
As visions fair of fame and fortune rise.
But thou! O cruel poverty, pursuing,
Pinioned her feet and hands securely tied,
Till all her loves have gone past all returning,
And faith and hope have faded out and died.

And ever so in church and state and nation,
Not for the poor, they keep their vigils long —
For enterprise and wealth, their legislation,
Forgetting want and poverty and wrong.
But never night so long it hath no morning,
Never a day so long it hath no end;
Never so low in poverty and sorrow,
But something still a little hope may lend.

For poverty has her strong ally—labor,
And labor is God's lever for the soul,
And truth is labor's brightly flashing saber,
Forever pointing to a far-off goal.
Evolved is freedom, often from oppression,
And rampart wrong has heralded the right,
And science yields her wonderful possessions
When want and labor loyally unite.

Labor has ever healing in her motion,
She quickens thought and sweetly woos repose,
And leagued with want she conquers earth and ocean,
Full high advanced their ensign proudly goes!
Labor a curse? Ah, no! it is a blessing,
Easing the heart of weariness and care,
And want has oft some health or wealth possessing,
A potent spell to make the world more fair.

Speak from the Heart.

SPEAK from the heart! Let every word
Have the deep ring of truth.
Responsive minds will feel the sound,
Returning echoes full and round,
And the clear music of its tone
Trills with a magic, all its own.

Speak from the heart! It's language clear
Is resonant with life.
Words insincere, fruit large with pain
Forever mirrored back again;
Distorted in another heart,
Dethroning joy with traitor art.

Speak from the heart! Honor the one
With word sincere and true.
Speaking out bravely for the right,
Dispelling doubt, distrust and blight.
The earnest of what life should be
Is found in truth—truth makes us free.

Speak from the heart! "Words only live
Forever," sages say,
And on eternity's broad sea
Ring on with human destiny;
Their circles widening evermore,
Touching at last the other shore.

Not All Bad.

The convicts of the Massachusetts penitentiary sent six hundred dollars to the general relief fund for Chicago sufferers at the time of the great fire.

WHEN the wail of pain and horror
From the homeless, houseless crowd,
Sounded from a burning city,
Touching hearts with pleadings loud
Through the nation, through the nation,
Quick response brought quick salvation.

How each heart with pity softened,
How each hand held out its store,
For they felt the cry electric
Loud above the burning roar;
Brothers still to brothers crying,
We are stricken, suffering, dying.

Quick the telegraphic wires
Flashed it all the wide world round,
While by telegraph far surer,
That by which the soul is bound,
Heart to heart was interceding
For humanity's sweet pleading.

And it mattered not what nation,
Mattered not what sect or creed,
Whether great or whether lowly,
But all brothers in their need.
And the pain their own hearts wringing,
Deep responses quickly bringing.

Proving yet again the lesson,
That whatever link you strike,
Whether tenth or the tenthousandth,
Surely breaks the chain alike.
This the seal of God's own signing,
And humanity's entwining.

When this hopeless wail of anguish
Rent the heavens with its prayer,
And these victims wild with terror
Weary sank in chill despair;
Wondered none, kind hearts were pressing,
Eager to the work of blessing.

But from out the dreary prison,
From the convicts' gloomy cell,
Did you list for words of pity?
Look for gifts the aid to swell?
Dreamed you lives so bleak and lowly
Could respond so high and holy?

Mothers may the babes they nourish,
Bare their bosoms to the cold,
And brave men to save the weaker
Died most grandly we are told;
But these prison men were giving
From a life that was not living.

They were wretched; who had pitied?
Who had cared their lives to bless?
They were sinning, not deserving,
So were left to their distress;
But they heard the homeless crying,
God will note that grand replying!

This was Christ-like, when those wretches
Hushed their griefs to hear that prayer;
Angels might have wept for gladness,
For it proved the true gold there.
And that God in His refining
Here must find His image shining.

Now Chicago in her glory
Reigns the queen of all the West,
Does she feel for those in prison?
Will their lives with care be blessed?
Will their cell homes be the brighter,
Made with love and sunshine lighter?



LIGHT.

“**LET** there be light!” It was Jehovah’s voice
That made command, and through the great etern
Responses came as tremulous of choice;
Thrill upon thrill reverberates in turn.

Louder and louder swells the glad refrain,
Quiver on quiver shakes the slumbering earth;
And rocks and rivers speed the grand acclaim
Where echoes sound the morn’s impassioned birth.

Revolving swift, currents on currents roll,
The jeweled tides break from the vasty gloom,
Electric throes pulse-quick from pole to pole
And morning stars sing in the great illumine.

Earth, air and ocean palpitate and glow,
The misty ether trembles in delight,
In purple splendor mountains brighter grow,
Sun, moon and stars are throbbing into light.



To Mary A. Livermore on her Eighty-third Birthday.

THE glory of another star
Is added to thy crown of years,
Earth and its fleetness move afar
As the celestial city nears.
With lengthened days thy life is crowned,
Thy hands are full of golden sheaves,
And as the glowing numbers round
Dearer and brighter impress leaves.

Yes, impress leaves to brighter glow,
A beacon light to other feet,
Deeply impressing, "As we sow,
Must be the harvest we shall reap."
Wide! Wide! the message thine to bear,
To blossom in some other life,
Inspiring still with visions fair
That sweetly win from wrong and strife.

Thy love of right hath made thee strong,
Forceful and earnest to console,
Untired, though justice tarries long,
For urge of soul hath made thee bold.
O! woman, beautiful and true!
May lengthened days still wreath thy brow,
God give thee strength and wisdom, too,
To love compelling all as now.

Love's Mysteries.

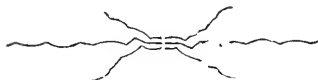
IT'S ever the same old story
So often told and retold;
Its magical, mystical mission,
Eternities only unfold.
Burning with fires most celestial,
Only to freeze with its fears,
Thrilling with dreams most seraphic,
Answering only with tears.

With roses brimming to-morrow
Saddens and darkens to-day,
Glowing with skies all empurpled,
Leaving them sombre and gray.
Brightly the life blood is bounding,
As swiftly chilling again,
Dancing with rapturous passion,
Deadened with exquisite pain.

Peasants grow great by its magic,
Princes bow low to its sway,
And Poets who sing of its glories
Pass in repinings away.
Philosophers calmly explain it,
Then to its raptures supreme,
Yielding in willing obedience,
Smiling in love's blissful dream.

The blissful dream has awakening,
The portion is ever the same,
And only God's pity can soothe it,
But Death love's pulses can tame.
Told in the garden of Eden,
Aglow with roses of June,
In the haze of Orient twilight,
With zephyrs breathing perfume.

Cæsar forgot, in its madness,
The glint of the old Roman crown,
Anthony's valor was vanquished
By the queen of love and renown.
And so 'twas "the same old story"
So often told and retold,
And so the miracle deepens,
And still love's mysteries hold.



Storm on Lake Michigan.

CEASELESSLY the restless waters
Dash their bosoms on the shore,
And they whisper, moan and thunder,
Till the soul in awe and wonder
Trembles at the fearful roar.

Far off waves with stealthy creeping,
Nearing mount to billows high,
Wildly, madly inward sweeping,
Bursting now in angry weeping,
And expire with moaning sigh.

Tossing high the foamy feathers,
Strewing pearls with matchless grace;
Now receding, now advancing,
As if all the furies dancing
Panted for the dizzy race.

Mustering again their forces,
In their elemental might,
Till it seems the powers infernal,
Must from stores of wrath eternal
Pour their terrors on the night.

Woe betide the luckless vessel,
That with proud, defiant mien,
Tempted by thy placid smiling,

Dares thy bosom sweet beguiling,
All thy cruelties unseen.

O, you mighty waves, resistless,
Warring with supernal might, —
Glowing with the shock of battle,
Thrilling with the crash and rattle
Of ecstatic wild delight.

Thou dost charm with power magnetic,
Rioting, tempestuous sea!
Waking by thy fierce commotion,
Awe, akin to deep devotion,
And I lose myself in thee.



Where the Ways Parted.

Aunt Mary's Soliloquy.

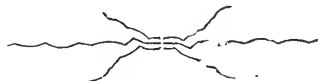
I chanced to-day on a letter,
A letter grown yellow with years,
Its tone was one of devotion,
With nothing of doubting or fear.
Will you be ever forgotten?
Will the stars cease shining above?
Will the sun cease to rise in the morning
When I cease to remember my love?

I thought of the olden emotion,
And how I was thrilled by his words,
Heart swelling as deep as the ocean,
Or sweet as the music of birds.
But our ways had parted forever,
Life's work each had done in his way,
The skies not less blue that we parted,
Nor earth less smiling and gay.

The world had crowded between us,
And looking backward 'twould seem
A spot of mystical beauty,
A glorious mid-summer dream.
But never a start of emotion
As I turned the long written page,
And in fancy hear the gay laughter
That once put my heart in a rage.

Our ways had parted forever,
But our lives were richer by far,
For the mystical spirit uplifting,
That proved a real guiding star.
For where the ways parted, remember,
And each one was walking alone,
A strange inspiration had followed,
And a wonderful brightness had shone.

And so it was better we parted,
E'er we knew we only had dreamed;
While I to you was an angel,
And you as Hyperion seemed.
For the world that is earnest and real,
Makes poetry vanish from life,
So better we parted forever,
That I was never your wife.



We Love The Light.

WE love the light for its own sake,
Wherever it is glowing;
The light of morning, noon or night,
With inspiration flowing;
The light of sun and moon and stars,
So silently revolving,
That in their solemn, ceaseless rounds,
Such mysteries are solving.

We love the rainbow's varied lights,
That are, alas! so fleeting,
With royal arch of shades and hues
So marvelously meeting.
The light of dew, impearled on grass,
So brightly, brightly shining,
The sun reflected in the west
Through clouds with "silver lining."

We love the light of ocean shells,
Where pink and pearl are vying;
The light that lies in starry eyes,
All other light defying.
We love the light of diamonds rare,
Where flash on flash is sifting;
Rubies and opals,—amethyst,
Like brooks with sunlight drifting.

We love Aurora's shadow light,
Forever, ever dancing,
With subtle charge and whirl and flash,
And motion most enchanting.
The light that breaks the vasty deep,
The ocean caves re-lighting,
That glints and glows amid the waves,
Its jewels all igniting.

We love the fire-light's happy glow,
Where kindly hearts are meeting,
They bring again the dear old time
With all its happy greeting.
We love the light of love divine
In every heart reflecting,
We love the Giver of all light,
All other loves perfecting.



ATTRACTION.

⓪ strange and unsolved, this law of attraction,
That the universe holds, and atoms as well,
It draws and is drawn by mystical action,
Or reversed the conditions as swiftly repel.

And marvelous, too, this strongest of forces,
Gives never a sign of manifest life,
And only is known by subtle alluring,
Of impulses vague as divinity's might.

And yet all a-thrill is the earth with its magic,
The planets attentive, their courses complete,
The physical world, her harmonies blending,
Humanities heart her responses repeat.

Sung by the palpitant stars in their orbits,
The earth by her seasons and cycles and years,
The ebb and the flow and swelling of ocean,
And hearts all responsive to smiles and to tears.

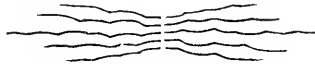
The musical gushing of robin and linnet,
Rollicking bobolink, blue-bird and thrush,
The cooing of doves in thickets and meadows,
And the silence oppressive of eventide hush.

In the oriole's low, unmusical calling,
Happily mating midst hedges a-thrill,
That border with green the half hidden waters,
That splashes and washes the foot of the hill.

In blossoms galore, pink, golden and purple,
 All seeking affinities, redolent sweet,
 As pollen will ever unerringly wander
 To that which attracts, to perfectness mete.

The rose or the aster give swift recognition,
 Uplifting its face to the kiss of the sun,
 Attracted, the vine leaps high to the branches,
 Lovingly trailing till summer is done.

The dew on the mosses and grasses a-glitter,
 Impearled, it may be, but the space of an hour,
 Responsively rounds and thrills as the planets,
 By this law of attraction's mysterious power.



The Treasury of the Snow.

“Have you considered the Treasury of the Snow?” Job.

MERRILY the snow is falling,
Fairy flakes to flakes are calling
In their wild delight;
Gaily on and on still trooping,
Not for trees or forests stooping
In their rythmic flight.

On the starry host is going,
Like the river's constant flowing,
Lances glistening bright;
Every hill and vale possessing,
Spread their tents for sweet refreshing
And their camp-fire's light.

How the little Arabs flying,
Now and then their wings applying,
Whirl in mimic rhyme;
Liliputian army, drifting,
Here and there forever shifting,
Careless seem of time.

Careless? Not one atom winging,
But in harmony is swinging
Constant to the spheres;
Each for measure, measure showing,

Time for time forever flowing,
Stern precision nears.

Potent and mysterious forces,
Not the lightest flake divorces
From the great intent;
As attentive planets coursing
Ever yield to subtle forcing,
Naught can circumvent.

So these white-robed scouts on duty
In a thousand forms of beauty
Do the work assigned;
By this magic law of sixes,
That their being intermixes,
All is well defined.

Snowflakes still with lessons glowing,
Wondrous miracles are showing,
Making life's delight;
Marvel, love and adoration,
Learn we by this revelation,
Of a snow-fall light.



Myrtle's Dream.

LINGERED the twilight on the distant hill,
Loitered the river round the quiet mill;
The sky was blushing from the sun's last kiss,
And crimsoned still with its delicious bliss;
But he was by her side, and summer's glory
Was banished quite by love's sweet allegory.

The bobolink had found its grassy nest,
But warbled still, hushing itself to rest;
Robin redbreast, whip-poor-will and linnet,
Chanted a song with sleepy quivers in it;
He murmured low, had ever song of bird
Within her breast such rhythmic measures stirred?

The children stringing daisies on the green,
Counting their petals, singing rhymes between;
Holding the buttercup beneath the chin,
Blowing the thistle to tell if wishes win;
Linking their leafy chains, might happy seem,
But not such bliss as filled our Myrtle's dream.

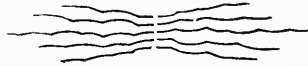
The pearly immortelles and marguerites,
Whispering to grasses all their secrets sweet;
All the zephyrs through the woodland singing,
All the golden lily bells a-ringing
Could not by half such ecstasy express
As when his kisses on her lips were pressed.

Oh, there are moments when a world of bliss
Is rounded full in one delicious kiss;
And there are moments when a life would seem
To find its measure in a dream supreme;
When love's sweet rapture makes the senses reel,
And hearts seem bursting with the joy we feel.

* * * * *

The cold, gray clouds are drifting swift and low,
The leafless boughs are swinging to and fro,
The sun is setting in a misty chill,
The goldenrod is brown upon the hill;
But Myrtle sits alone, her love dream o'er,
Her world as dark as it was bright before.

Oh, there are moments when the pains of hell
Alone can all the soul's deep anguish tell;
When love's red lightning makes its cruel aim,
Scorches and burns the heart with cruel pain.
Another's head is pillowed on his breast,
Another dreams none ever half so blest.



Summer Rain.

PATTER, patter, tinkle, tinkle,
Most delightful summer rain;
Humming, humming, twinkle, twinkle,
How the waters dance and wrinkle,
As a thousand pearl drops sprinkle
Meadow, river, lake and lane.

Softly sighing, softly winging,
Midst the apple-blossom snow;
Joyous tidings deftly bringing,
Setting lily-bells a-ringing,
While a soft, melodious singing
Swells the chorus of its flow.

Now the whispering grasses bending
Flirt with daisies hidden low,
And the silver spray descending
Fill the golden cups extending,
While the flowers, bright glances sending,
Smiling thank the sparkling flow.

Whirling, dimpling, bubbling, splashing,
On the pavement, on the street,
And the crystal waters flashing,
Seem in rhythmic measure dashing,
Waking memories by their splashing,
Setting them to music sweet.

A Beautiful Woman.

In Memoriam.

A loving, beautiful woman, I said,
Over and over the livelong day,
When they had whispered she was dead,
That the pure spirit had passed away,
Still the dear face kept hovering near,
Beautiful woman! I said again,
As the fair brow and the eye sincere
Shadowed my heart with a weary pain.

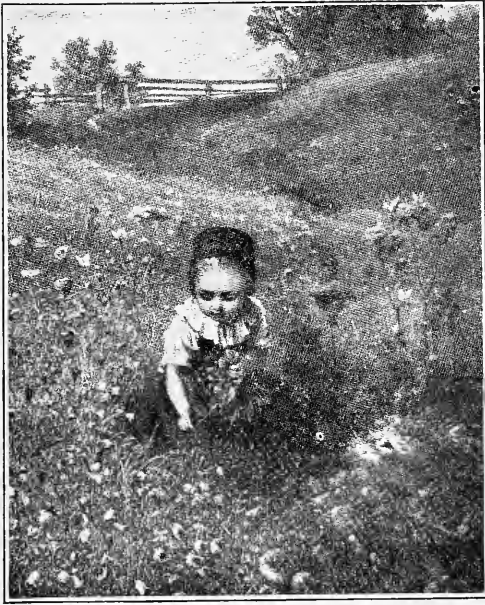
Lovingly earnest, the face still there,
And with just the same life-like repose,
As the saddened smile she used to wear
Seemed only as fragrance to the rose.
A beautiful woman! little we dream
The height and depth that the words convey,
How pain's full measure or joy supreme
Its impress leaves on spirit and clay.

The subtle glow a-shine in the face,
Giving the eye mysterious power,
Thrilling with an all unconscious grace,
Something apart, as perfume and flower.
This the beautiful woman we knew—
This the celestial body foretold,
Slowly building, symmetrical, true,
In this transcendently higher mold.

This beautiful woman knows no death,
Only unclasped by a Father's hand
Is this wonderful fetter of breath
That holds two lives in its mystic band.
Honest, faithful, kind, loving and true,
Child, sister, maiden, mother and wife,
As higher thy fair ideals grew,
Refining and chastening thy life.

The one of earth with the earth shall rest,
But that of soul, of beauty and grace,
Adorning the clay,—a transient guest,
Finds brighter life in a better place.
Farewell! farewell! with many a tear
We lay thee, darling, to thy rest!
Thy spirit to God who gave it, dear,
And will strive to feel He knoweth best.





APRIL

APRIL.

APRIL days again are coming,
Merrily the streams are humming
Murmurous in song.
All their icy chains asunder,
Greening meadows smile in wonder
As they rush along.

Warm-breathed April, winsome, smiling,
Bright, capricious and beguiling,
Waking wood-land dells.
Anemones and violets springing,
Where thy joyous steps are ringing
Bright with daffodils.

Star-lit fields are green and fallow,
Where the dandelion, yellow,
 Golden-hearted gleams.
Crocuses, like cloud rifts lying,
Prairie winds are softly sighing
 Sensuous as dreams.

Maples bask in scarlet glory,
Zephyrs quickly tell the story
 To the tasseled trees.
South wind every bloom caresses,
Snowdrops vie with water cresses
 In their art to please.

Orioles, vermilion flying,
In a flash of sunshine's dyeing
 Seem the soul of fire.
All aglow with southern splendor,
All thy notes so weird and tender
 Loving hearts inspire.

Blackbirds clamorous are singing,
Jubilant the air is ringing
 With their roundelay.
Robins trill their love-notes mellow,
Building nests in birch and willow
 Through the livelong day.

Song galore, the thrush and linnet
Flood with music every minute
 All the ambient air.
Bobolinks their sweethearts calling,
Rollicking as waters falling
 Are their carols rare.

But why tears, O! April merry?
Is thy heart forever weary
 That thine eyes are wet?
Weep you that the hours are fleeting?
Hardly stilled the words of greeting
 E'er life's sun has set?

Blithesome April! cease thy sighing,
Learn this lesson, all are dying—
 Dying into life.
Springtime dies in summer glory,
Summer soon repeats the story
 In the harvest rife.



FANCY.

DIVINEST gift ever to mortals given,
Gold fretting e'en the saddest, somberest hours,
Uppgathering threads a sterner fate had riven,
Welding again with wondrous, witching power.

The darkest hours we dwell in fields elysian,
Glow in the white heat of celestial fire,
And through the mist of amethystine vision
We are possessed of what we most desire.

No sea so broad but she outrides its billows,
No stream so swift her feet are not more fleet,
Forest and lake or shallows, reeds and willows,
Have made response in songs she made more sweet.

No throne so high her flight has not transcended,
Borne on her wings the peasant is a king;
The purple splendor, loyal arms defended,
Knows not the joys that her bright minions bring.

No dungeon deep, however dark and dreary,
Can bar the coming of her silent feet;
No wretch so low, however sad and weary,
But sometimes thrills to fancies good and sweet.

As high as heaven, as wide as earth and ocean,
She revels free, defying bars and bands;
From priest or king she challenges devotion,
None are exempt from her all-potent wand.

Subtle as ether! Cunning in devices!

Aurora's lights are not more fleet or rare!

On ozone wings she floats midst tropic spices,

Bright as the sun and as the moonbeams fair.

She dazzles youth with love-dreams softly glowing,

Red roses warm in hues of orient dyes;

Man, health and honor, station deftly showing,

Beaming in gold her occidental skies.

Her starry feet have crossed the mystic river,

Returned our loved, we hold them once again;

Longings fulfilled we almost feel the quiver

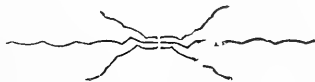
Of loving lips that would assuage our pain.

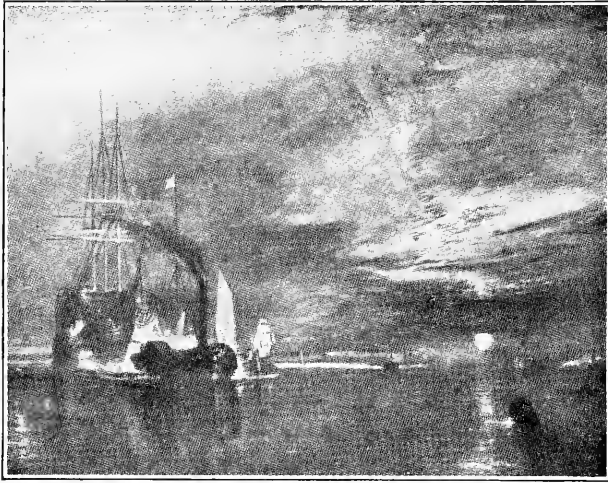
Goddess divine! vouchsafe thy strong uplifting,

Inspiring still when spirit fires burn low;

O! light the way where we are drifting, drifting,

With beauties high that grand ideals grow.





OUTWARD BOUND

Outward Bound.

I am watching the white-winged ships go by,
As they ride on the trackless deep,
Dreamily fair is the star-illumed sky,
And the mighty billows asleep.
I follow them still, far over the blue,
As onward they royally ride,
Their towering masts so staunch and so true,
Defying the tempest and tide.

I wonder what fate encircles their way
As they vanish out of my sight,
Their canvas making a shadowy play
In the mists of the distant light.
What fond hopes are freighting the goodly ship?
What prayers out-winging each sail?
Will the wail of despair the wild winds waft,
Or joys most ineffable hail?

Will they drift along with the summer breeze,
Caressing each quivering fold?
Or find their graves in the treacherous seas
That the reveling breakers hold?
But my phantom sails are vanishing slow,
Far over the star-bedight seas,
And they swell and flow and joyfully go,
Cajoled by the whispering breeze.



Can You Afford It?

CAN you afford it? The day is bright,
It is the time to plant and sow;
Can you make merry and squander the light,
Letting the spring and the seedtime go?

Can you afford it? Your pulses run high,
You should be strong for earnest strife,
Carelessly letting the days go by,
Making no mark in the best of life?

Can you afford it? It must be clear,
You need your best of heart and brain,
To waste and dissipate and sear,
You take the weakness, loss and pain.

Can you afford it? An honest name
Is better far than riches here,
To jeopardize a spotless fame,—
Do you not see you pay too dear?

Can you afford it? Brain must be clear,
Heart pure, arms strong, valiant to do!
There's always demand for men sincere,
Men who are ready, loyal and true.



Am I Alone?

(Written at Green Lake in the Rocky Mts.)

Am I alone? Rocky mountains
Upward soar on every hand,
Piercing, seemingly, the heavens
With their massive columns grand,
And the blue still overarching.
All these granite pillars spanned,
Makes a temple most transcendent,
Formed by Deity's own hand.

Rushing waters, leaping, laughing,
In a wild, tumultuous dream,
Over rocks are deftly weaving
Foamy lace adown the stream.
Reveling in pearls and opals,
Rioting in bliss supreme,
Waking, longing for the loved ones,
Till their presence real seems.

And I cry, would they were near me,
Could these wondrous glories share,
Catch this miracle of beauty,
Feel the upward, lifting prayer.
That from mount and valley riseth,
Outward floating on the air,
Sobbing pine trees, singing waters,
Murmuring winds all blending there.

Am I alone? No. I have them.
Each had answered to my cry,
Time and distance cannot sever,
Love to love will make reply.
And the soul to soul responsive,
All ignoring time and space,
Feeling kindred spirit calling,
Quickly flies to its embrace.



OUR BABIES

Our Babies.

TWO little sprites come to my room
With gleeful shouts and merry dancing,
They brush away the cobweb gloom
With feet forever gaily prancing.

Such soulful eyes of heaven's blue,
Such wealth of love within them glowing,
With tresses, sunlight glinting through,
Sweet dimpled cheeks and glances knowing.

Forever gliding in and out,
Like shadows from the sunshine hiding,
And fearing nothing, nothing doubt,
They revel in a faith abiding.

Sweet Heart and Heart's Ease are the names
And nom de plumes that they are sailing,
In all their merry romps and games
We find them true and still unfailing.

Dear, sweet evangels, bringing cheer
In roguish pranks, my boy the winner,
Face very like a saint sincere,
Dear, loveable and winsome sinner.

With loving arms around my neck,
"God will keep care of 'oo," he's saying,
Will boons unanswered never wreck
His soul's undoubted trust in praying?

Now little three years, precious girl,
With earnest eyes so quickly lighting,
Comes with bewitching toss of curl
And querries, "Nana, what 'oo writing?"

How oft I look into your eyes,
Sweet violets with thoughts awaking,
And awe is mingled with surprise
That baby thought such strides are making.

They rule the house with kisses sweet,
Dear, dimpled hands, with roses vying,
Ignoring all the rules complete,
And lovingly all laws defying.

Such storms of questions come amain,
Of sun and moon and starry lighting,
What makes the rainbow and the rain?
Our constant help they are inviting.

Who made the world and trees and flowers?
And who made God? Oh, questions trying!
What makes the bright, electric showers?
They rack our brains with baby prying.

Why do we die? They learn that, too!
How spirits go and where are living?
And what are spirits? Tell me true,
And still we give and still are giving.

Dear little ones, I query still
The very questions you are solving,
And still I ask, and famished still
For higher life and light evolving.

Ah, little sunny heads too soon
These mighty questions you are trying,
For they will weary e'er the noon,
And vex you that there's no replying.

Dear little Sweet Heart, keep your trust,
And still believe, true to the yearning,
We know so little that we must
Be very reverent in learning.

God has implanted in each breast
This longing for a life undying,
And hope, His very best behest,
Thrills every heart, its doubts defying.

That Other Day.

To My Husband.

IN dreams comes back "that other day,"
 In smiling, rosy June,
 When all the birds were caroling
 Their sweetest song in tune;

And you and I walked down the lane
 That lay through shining green,
 A silver ribbon rippled on
 Through flowery banks between.

We loitered by the rustic bridge
 That spanned the little stream,
 And forests clasped their hands above
 A perfect sylvan dream.

We two were mirrored in the wave,
 While whispering boughs o'er head
 Seemed to be saying all the while
 The very words you said.

We peered through birches on its brink
 To perfect sapphire skies,
 And all the world seemed just as fair
 To love's enchanted eyes.

We doubted others e'er had loved
As we, that happy day,
That other skies had been as fair
Above life's perfect way.

That other castles had been reared
So pink and pearly white,
Base, arch and frieze so firm and fair,
So radiantly bright.

The same old story told again,
The brook sang gaily on,
Floating along our fairy ship
The jeweled hour was gone.

We saw the waves grow amethyst
From rose of setting sun,
In perfect trust of "Love's young dream"
That other day was done.



Hon. William Windom, of Minnesota.

In Memoriam.

A glorious life! brave, truthful and loyal,
Earnest for right in life's devious ways,
To pass with lips warm, with utterance royal,
To silence compelling all other than praise.

To have the ears ringing with sweet adulation,
Rapturous thrilling, responsive to cheers,
Earnestly urging the weal of a nation,
Inspired and inspiring with wisdom of seers.

More from the earth can one take through the portals,
How add to life's crown a lustre more fair,
Then incense of love of spirits immortal,
Inspired and uplifted by wisdom and care.

Far greater to leave thy seal on the nation,
Of honor and manhood, of justice and right,
And richer by far a people's oblation,
For impress bequeathed to their sovereign might.

What Does It Matter.

SOMETIMES 'tis hard to do your best,
And strain each nerve to high endeavor,
To make the most of life's behest,
And stem the tide with never favor.
To have it said he did not do
This thing or that they find still wanting,
But never raise a hand to do,
Nor find a pang of duty haunting.

Yes, sometimes hard to hush your pain,
To soothe some brow you know is aching,
To put aside all hope of gain,
Another's comfort to be making;
Than have them never know the cost,
Nor size the burdens you are bearing,
Or stop to question what you lost,
While other's griefs you had been sharing.

Yes, sometimes hard to keep life sweet,
To higher issues, still aspiring,
Love, lore, art, beauty, all complete,
In the most reverent desiring.
When never sympathetic smile
Comes in a cheering recognition,
Until you safely rest the while
Where hope has found its bright fruition.

But then what matters this to you,
Who do your best, in joy or sorrow!
If you are pure and sweet and true,
Who aids to-day will aid to-morrow.
And though you clasp no helping hand,
You may assist another's rising;
And every effort made or planned
Will give you wealth of strength surprising,

DREAMS.

DREAMS ever an illusion seem,
But facts are mothered by a dream.
Peerless Electra, queen to-day,
But yester's dream is here to stay.

All dreamers feel the skeptic's ban
In every good they bring to man,
But once fruition holds its sway,
The world will cheer, as well they may.
Dreams that possess and hold the mind,
Full often rich fulfillment find;
Open the doors and give them cheer!
Then listen to their message clear!

Columbus dreamed of worlds afar,
And guided only by a star,
He boldly crossed the ocean blue,
And an old world was born anew.

Newton had dreamed, and plainly saw,
And taught the world attraction's law—
That this great force with guiding hand
Held worlds and planets in command.
Watts did of locomotion dream,
Ocean and earth are spanned by steam,
And time and distance hold no more
The destinies of man in store.

Franklin beheld the lightning's play,
And dreamed they might man's will obey;

He coaxed them from the clouds away,
And earth is luminous to-day.

And Morse still dreamed and visions wrought
Of lightning harnessed to a thought
Dispelling time and tide; 'tis clear
The world was ready for the seer.

Marconi dreams that thoughts are things
And only waiting for their wings,—
And the realties' bright rays
Transcend the dream a thousand ways.
Were this not so they could not go
And round the world a record show.

Edison had dreams of forces grand
Held firmly by a wizard hand,
More potent than Prometheus' fire,
Man to ameliorate, inspire.
Naught in mythology or art
Could lift the world's great throbbing heart;
With half the wondrous glories brought
By Edison's dreams wrought out by thought.

Dreams are evangelists sent before,
To clear the way for truth to soar.
Then dreamers dream, and Time, the seer—
Great alchemist will make them clear.
Minerva, Mercury are slow
To bear the messages aglow
With blessings by the dreamers sent
For man's uplifting and content.

Tribute to General Grant.

COLUMBIA mourns her son, and bowed in sorrow
 Draws her bright mantle o'er his silent breast,
 And folds him in her arms, for on the morrow
 With her departed heroes he shall rest.

The North and South, and East and West uniting,
 Bring immortelles, and leave them on his bier,
 And the sweet incense for a country's plighting
 Makes bliss immortal more divinely dear.

And dusky millions with their hands uplifted,
 Free from all shackles kneel beside him here;
 Exultant freedom! with all bondage rifted,
 Crown him with blessings of a love sincere!

A common woe thrills and unites the nation,
 A country's love quickens in one caress,
 That humbly feels how poor is all oblation,
 She may return for what he did to bless.

A son of toil, he rose by plainest duty
 To be acknowledged peer of prince or king;
 And honest work bloomed into royal beauty
 His legacy as the most precious thing.

The funeral cortege winding down the mountain,
In all the pomp and pageantry of state,
Sublimed grows as the o'erflowing fountain
Of love's sweet homage to her chieftain great.

The starry flag at half-mast waving slowly,
The muffled drum, the solemn, measured tread
Of great processions in their grief bowed lowly,
Bear witness how a nation's heart has bled.

The booming gun that thunders through the mountain,
And sends its echoes shuddering through the vale,
The tolling bell, its mournful numbers counting,
But fitly voice a nation's saddened wail.

The last triumphant march in peaceful glory,
From Mt. McGregor downward to the sea
Is finished, but Ulysses Grant in story
Lives the inspiring genius of the free.

Soldier and statesman, victor calmly sleeping,
Love's benediction hallowing thy rest,
Live on for aye, safe in thy country's keeping,
While native land close folds thee to her breast.

Boom, cannon, boom! from ocean to the ocean!
And muffled drums with sweet emotion swell;
Toll, tolling bell, a nation's deep devotion,
Wave banners, wave, a country's fond farewell!

What He Paid.

WITH smiling skies so softly o'er us bending,
And swelling music flooding all the air,
Bright, curling banners, their enchantments lending,
As breezes woo their silken foldings rare.

Most joyfully the surging crowd is swaying,
Exultant eyes are softly glowing bright;
And veterans tramp to a full chorus playing,
With heads erect, a grand and goodly sight.

How proudly, too, each loyal heart is beating,
Inspiring all with thoughts of long ago;
When wearily there comes a one-legged soldier,
Filling the ranks with measured steps, and slow.

How every pulse is timed to his slow measure,
How quickly pain has entered every breast;
O God! how he has paid for this great treasure
We celebrate as freedom's best behest!

How he has paid with poverty and sorrow,
With hope and ease that have forever flown;
Fame and ambition bringing him no morrow,
Loveless, perchance, he bears his cross alone.

A mighty host all silently are pleading
For just appreciation. Direst pain,
Hopes unfulfilled, maimed limbs and hearts still bleeding,
Are what he paid, is paying for their gain.

O, proud Columbia! cherish these so loyal,
Who in thy need stood faithful by thy side,
And show remembrance of their deeds so royal
In care for those who live as those who died.

Naught for the dead, so little for the living,
Canst thou bestow for the great boon they gave,
Then show thy love in grateful, careful giving,
And prove a nation wise as well as brave.



MYSTERY.

IS it life or is it death?
This I question o'er and o'er;
Everything is here but breath,
All that we had loved before.
Just the same dark, clustering hair,
Drooping lids but shade the eyes,
And methinks the love-light there,
Should they open in surprise.

Still the sculptors dream as fair!
Could we solve these mystic ties!
Lips the same expression wears
Though this silence on them lies.
What is this mysterious power
That has fallen on thy breast?
Is it life's supremest hour?
Or is it a dreamless rest?

More than these then somewhere still
All this charming force abides,
Safely working out His will,
But ever His, whate'er betides.
Father, give us perfect trust,
Though we may not see the way,
All our hearts interpret just
Crying ever for the day.

The Hour Before Dawn.

“**T**HE darkest hour is just before day,”
Over and over the words we say,
As borne along on the waves of life
Wounded and hurt by the whirl and strife.
We bind the bruises and hopefully say,
“The darkest hour is just before day.”

Our castles have fallen, our dreams long flown,
The works of our hands around us are strawn,
A mass of ruins as desolate
As the Sahara's, and dark as fate.
Just as assuringly hope will say,
“The darkest hour is just before day.”

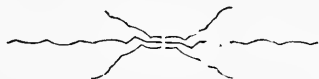
Then up again and onward we press,
Our feet are bleeding, our hearts no less,
Fainting we fall, and are cheated again,
Our mirage of bliss proved only a pain.
Still just as smiling hope will say,
“The darkest time is just before day.”

Friends proved faithless, like shadows they fled,
Alone! alone! we stood by our dead!
Hushing the sobs we would not complain
For soon we have our loved ones again;
And Faith and Hope unitedly say,
“The darkest hour is just before day.”

And Hope may be right, we know not all
Of God's great plan for His children small,
And all may be right if understood
In the sweet light of His fatherhood.
The angel Hope may truthfully say,
"The darkest hour is just before day."

Success is never just what it would seem,
Nor failure as bad as often we dream.
What is, is right, the poet hath said;
His ways are right if aright they are read.
The ministering angel Hope may say,
"The darkest hour is just before day."

If aspiring ambition and aim
Still makes the most of the heart and brain,
And effort, not gain, is best for the soul,
Enriching it still as days onward roll.
Then Hope may most triumphantly say,
"The darkest hour is just before day."



"Cast thy Bread Upon the Waters."

CAST your bread upon the waters,
And it shall return again
After many days with blessings,
Soothing like refreshing rain.
Never question shall it profit
To do any kindly deed,
But let heart and hand be ready
To give aid in every need.

Not great hoards of gold and silver
Are required this help to give,
But a loving, kindly purpose,
May aid others yet to live.
Is it courage they are wanting?
Speak a word of healthful cheer,
It may only be the speaking
That shall make the future clear.

If some weary one has fallen
In temptation by the way,
And is saying, "No use trying,
I have striven not to stray,"
Say so gently, it is human,
None are perfect, none are good;
None can say that they have ever
Sin, the tempter quite withstood.

Not exactly like their neighbors,
But all slip'ry paths have found,
And each foot has sometimes stumbled
Here or there in life's great round.
Try again, be not discouraged,
Better you have learned the way,
Then, perchance, you walked in darkness,
Morning now, and perfect day.

Rouse and raise a voice of warning,
Thousands crowd the path you trod;
Turn your fall into a blessing,
Such repentance pleaseth God.



Our Country.

THE brightest, dearest, fairest land,
Most glorious of earth,
Is this, our own dear native land,
The land that gave us birth.

Aurora's first pellucid beam
Kisses her rock-bound shore,
And loving benedictions seem
To whisper o'er and o'er.

Her swelling hills and forests' dells,
In grandeur unsurpassed,
Her meadows, brooks and ledgy fells,
Enchanting first and last.

Her prairies broad, bounding the sight,
With ether's trembling rim,
Where acres fallow, warm and bright
With blessings fairly brim.

Majestic rivers, swift and deep,
Tumultuous and strong,
The nation's wealth with curve and sweep
So proudly bear along.

Her rifted mountains glowing white
In heaven's caressing blue,
With adoration and delight
Enthrall our hearts anew.

Her harvests broad, her mines are deep,
Her people strong and brave,
Where willing hands still sow and reap
With never serf or slave.

Our flag, the hope of every land,
Blossoms on every sea,
By freedom's inspiration fanned,
Symbol of Liberty!

The fairest gift within her hand
To all alike is free,
Her public schools, so wisely planned,
Safeguard her liberty.

Her Sabbath bells are sweet and clear
As joyfully they ring,
Worship sincere with none to fear,
To all good tidings bring.

Born of the ages, rise in might,
Thy destiny fulfill!
For God is God, and Right is Right!
And all must work His will.



Keep Your Courage.

IF you find your burden heavy,
Wearisome and hard to bear,
Meet it bravely, never falter,
Gird your heart to do or dare;
Stronger you will grow and stronger
With each new and added care.

If the shadows lengthen ever,
O'er the steep and toilsome way,
'Neath your feet you surely hold them
When the sun has reached midday;
And from thence they will behind you
As they did before you lay.

Though the skies are dark and cloudy,
Keep your courage, never mind!
For the sun will shine to-morrow
Just as bright and sweetly kind;
And a joy be born of sorrow,
Making life a thing sublime.

Never night without a morning.
Bare your arm and take good cheer,
Never road without a turning,
Up and onward, never fear;
Soon your life shall lie before you
With the way divinely clear.

BEREAVED.

TO lose the inspiration out of life,
To plod along alway by paths diverging,
Feeling the want of something undefined,
And which the soul's necessity is urging.

And what this loss? How faintly words can tell,
All language fails, the heart alone defining;
A subtle influence yet may comprehend
The whole of life with all its fine assigning.

No matter what we name this unexpressed,
It still is real, impressing, animating;
Arousing all the latent fires of life
With brightest possibilities elating.

Ah, sad indeed, whatever else is gained,
To feel this sense of loss forever waking;
When breath of blossoms, music's softest strain,
A word, a thought, may set the lone heart aching.

O Impenetrable Future.

BUT into the unknown future
Of a deep, mysterious sea,
Thou hast vanished from our vision
In the great immensity.

And a deeply solemn feeling,
Fills and overwhelms the soul,
As we try to catch the glimmer
Of the mystic, unseen goal.

O! impenetrable future,
All inscrutable the way,
How our eager eyes are searching,
If to catch some hopeful ray!

Shall an echo never, never
Of thy voice come back again?
Bearing some assuring message
To assuage this longing pain?

Shall the soul still calling, calling,
Never hear responses sweet?
And this yearning for thee, darling,
Bring no thrill with love replete?

Was each cord forever broken
By this subtle tie of breath?
Not one silent, loving token?
Then this sleep is surely death!

Loving faith will not surrender,
Soul avers she sees and hears,
Feels thy loving presence ever
Comforting when sorrow nears.

Hope can almost see the glimmer
Of thy robes ethereal white,
And a radiant face surrounded
By a fair, celestial light.

Even in the rocks and ether
Thrills a life, defying sight,
Then this psychic force can never
Lose itself in soulless night.

For this form of love and beauty,
Image of our God divine,
Breath of Him, the life within us,
We will trust His love benign.

Hear the Saviour sweetly saying,
"I a mansion will prepare,"
And how gratefully we leave thee,
Darling, to His tender care.

Out on the Plains.

W AY out on the plains, wide spreading,
As far as sight can reach,
Where green-brown lands are stretching
A waved-washed ocean beach.
The blue of heaven above me,
The great seared waste below,
That far, far off in the distance
Are meeting and blending slow.

My soul is awed with its vastness,
So silent the old earth lies,
Solemn and grand and eternal,
Spanned by the o'er-arching skies;
Wider and wider out-reaching,
Unbroken by river or tree,
As if the dreary expanses
Lovingly folded the sea.

The sun in glory resplendent,
Down-sinking in billows of fire,
All the horizon is golden,
Clouds flaming higher and higher,
That deepen into vermilion,
To mellow in amethyst light;
And the rosy glow of the twilight
Has purpled into the night.

Luna, with silvery garments,
Comes sailing into the night,
Her starry train close follows,
Bejeweled and sparkling bright.
So filling the dome with angels,
That Titian nor Angelo knew,
The same that chanted the chorus
Dawning creation's review.

THOUGHT.

Th wonderful, mysterious thought!
That holds the universe at will,
Art never fettered, sold or bought,
But higher soar and higher still;
Thou art not bounded by the stars,
Or by the ether's purpled rim,
But onward speed to fiery Mars,
Or onward still to planets dim.

No prison walls can bar thy feet,
No dungeon cell can stay thy flight,
Still as the lightning wings more fleet,
Thou art too swift for mortal sight;
But still this mortal body holds
Thee with such subtle, tender thread,
And no philosopher unfolds,
Where thought abides when life has fled.

But holy writ has called us oft
"The temple of the living God."
Then is it this we call just thought?
No longer fettered by the clay?
Shall I still be a living thought
When earth to earth has passed away?
Loving, uplifting, working still,
Inspiring deeper, grander strife,
Then soul-full thought still work thy will,
Till death is swallowed up in life.

Then Cometh the Morning.

LIFT up your heads and be not doubting!
God is God, so have no fear!
Lo! the Eastern clouds are lighting,
“Peace on earth” comes sweetly clear.
All the earth in travail groaneth,
Heralding the birth of dawn,
Ushering the day prophetic
Of humanities new born.

Though afar the roar of battle,
Dying groans and anguished cries,
There shall rise a fair to-morrow,
Brightening all the orient skies.
Man shall rise to fairer vision,
Forceful thought and quickened life—
Banished tyranny, oppression,
Hushed the din of war and strife.

What though still the shadows gather
With the coming of the dawn,
All earth’s weary toilers watching,
Feel the stir of coming morn.
Music of the forge and anvil
Rings with hope’s magnetic fire,
Mines and mills with larger promise
Eager hearts and hands inspire.

Science, with her new found forces,
 Spanning ocean, earth and time—
 Marvelous the revelations
 Wakened by a century's chime.
 All the treasuries of nations
 Pour their riches at our feet;
 Knowledge of all seers and sages
 Brings a wisdom most complete.

Possibilities are waiting,
 Greater and more wondrous far,
 Quickened human life uplifting,
 Love's own light the guiding star.
 So the coming man and woman
 Must courageous be, and strong,
 Hearts to feel the woes of ages,
 Ears to hear the wail of wrong.

Ken to see beyond the glamour
 Of the brightly glowing gold,
 Wise to guide that truth and justice
 By its glint shall not be sold.
 Honest, earnest thought and action,
 Faith sublime and love sincere,
 Jeweled are the hours and minutes
 God's own hand is guiding clear.



SUCCESS.

I will succeed! God helping me,
Though step by step I make my way,
However rough the path may be
I will not doubt, but work and pray!
I will succeed, though storms may blow,
Though clouds drift low and skies obscure,
And darkness shrouds the way I go,
I'll learn to wait and to endure.

The world is ripe for willing hands,
Where heart beats quick and pulse runs high,
That swell to burst the slavish bands
That trammel souls that feign would fly.
There's words for freedom to be said,
For justice in her rusty chains,
There's wrong to conquer, right to spread,
In by-ways, high-ways broad and lanes,

Where hearts grown dark and hard with pain,
Fear and distrust and burning wrong,
Where weary feet, tired hands and brains
All wrestling strive to burst their thong.
There in God's hands I'll place my own,
And where He leads with fearless tread,
Forgetting not that good alone
Can light the dark where He has led.

If mine to dry a falling tear,
Or mine to ease some heart's wild throb,
To bring a word of hope and cheer,
Or hush with love a wailing sob,
I'll count my life a fair success,
Will patient toil to work His will,
Enough of joy to others bless,
Then anxious heart hear, "Peace be still!"

The Old Year.

HE is dying, the wonderful year,
So waited and welcomed with joy,
Each footprint is marked with a tear,
And visions he laughed to destroy.

What a marvelous life he has led,
What carnival held in his day,
While armies have echoed his tread,
Their life-blood made brilliant his way.

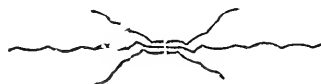
The nations he roused to new strife,
And councils are awed as they hear
The crying for freedom and life
In notes that are startling and clear.

He has ruffled the wind and the wave,
And the storm and hurricane's roar
Have daunted the hearts of the brave,
As they wailed to the dip of his oar.

But now he is passing away,
The mists and the shadows are near,
The conqueror, weary and gray
Sleeps well. It is well with the year.

And many will bless thee, Old Year,
For hopes that have bloomed in thy smile,
And many will curse thee, Old Year,
For promises blighted the while.

The bells that ring slow for the old
Will merrily chime for the new,
And eyes will grow bright to behold
Their dreams of the rosiest hue.



AMBITIONS.

SO one by one they perished with the hours,
 And I have hallowed every grave with tears,
 And on each mound have scattered precious flowers,
 The blooming hopes that gladdened other years;
 But buds and blossoms, withered, too, and dead,
 Breathe no sweet fragrance o'er the lowly bed.

Oh how I tried to keep my darlings here!
 And filled the days with eager, restless toil,
 If they but throve no task was deemed severe;
 But spurning dreams still burned the mid-night oil,
 And yet they would not live, and day by day
 I saw my sweet ambitions fade away.

With folded hands and aching heart I cry,
 "What now shall fill the barren, restless day?"
 Love whispers, "Thou hast me, and I
 More brightly burn as fond hopes fade away,"
 And love's divinest ecstasy or pain
 Floods the uplifted soul, and loss is gain!

Work and Wait.

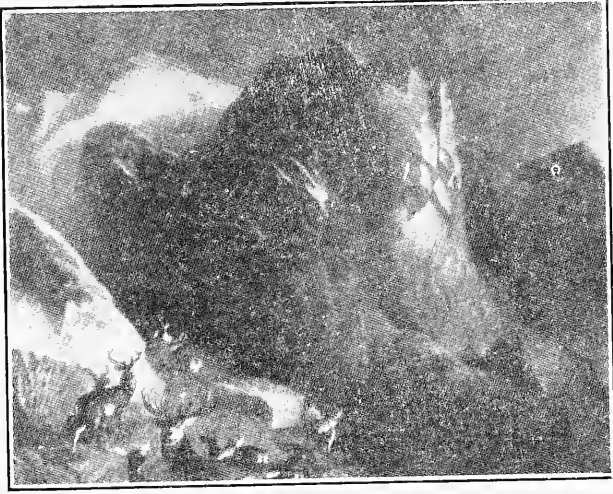
WORK and wait, nor be faint hearted;
Trust a Father's loving care.
From Him thou art never parted,
He will give thee strength to bear
All the burdens, all the labors
He requireth thee to share.

Work and wait. The clouds most dreary
Yet may blaze with rosy light,
Though thy feet be sore and weary,
One can guide their steps aright.
Place thy hand in His and humbly
Trust to this all perfect sight.

Work and wait. In morning early
Go forth sowing precious seeds,
Every germ shall bring forth pearly
Grain or blossom into deeds
High and holy—God has promised
He will satisfy thy needs.

Work and wait. If whitened harvest
Needs thy sickle, sharp and strong,
Bear thy arm, be brave and earnest,
Bring thy golden sheaves along
To the garner of the Master—
“What I could,” thy humble song.

Work and wait! Life's hours so fleeting
Is not all; Oh! look away;
Hear thy Father's kindly greeting,
It will all thy toil repay,
Of “Well done, thou good and faithful;
Enter into perfect day.”



ODE TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Ode to The Mountains.

MOUNTAINS regal, bleak and high,
Upward rising to the sky;
Cloud-caressed and storm-king wooed,
Still sublime in every mood;
Whether sunlight bathes thy brow,
Or the snowy wreath, as now
Winds its crystals round thy head
Like a grim old monarch, dead.

Towering still, sublimely grand,
By the storms or zephyrs fanned,

Hiding in the clouds thy face,
Or as oft, in smiling grace,
Wooing tempests to thy side
That upon the whirlwinds ride;
While unchanged the centuries roll
With their wealth of life and soul;
Change and death are but the waves
That thy broad foundation loves;
Birth of nations, fall of powers,
Move no more than summer showers.

Revolutions pass thee by
As the winds that gently sigh;
Human life and joy and woe,
Like the shades that come and go,
Passing leave on thee no trace
That shall mar thy royal face.
Silent, awful, regal, grand,
Guarding still a mighty land;
Wild majestic as of yore,
When we have gone, as those before,
And the millions yet to come
In the silent tomb are dumb.

But though years and ages fill,
Change is written on thee still;
Whether by the lightning's flash,
Or convulsion's fearful crash,
Air or water, frost or sun,
Work the destiny begun.
Slowly crumbling, sure decay,
Write it plain, ye pass away!

Washington's Birthday—1905.

O freedom's consecrated land
Raise glad acclaims for Washington!
Whose valor made the country free
To cradle God's humanity;
Led on by His almighty hand,
The hour had struck, oppression done,
The time was ripe for Washington.

Ring out sweet bells, ring peel on peel,
This birthday of our Washington!
From every church and school and steeple,
The glad hosannas of the people,
Who to no earthly despots kneel;
To all the land has freedom come,
Then hail, thrice hail, our Washington!

O natal day, proud natal day
Of the immortal Washington!
What songs of praises shall we sing?
What rich oblation shall we bring?
A nation's gratitude to pay,
And prove each loyal heart a son
Of the heroic Washington.

O native land! Dear native land
Of the majestic Washington!
Your cannon boom from sea to sea,

Herald a nation's jubilee!

A continent by ocean fanned,
Kissed by the morn and evening sun,
Blessed birth-land of our Washington.

Wave banners, wave in splendor rare
Above the tomb of Washington;
And yeomen strong from all the land
Join in the freeman's anthem grand.

Millions shall on our scepter bear,
Complete the work he had begun,
Our patron saint--brave Washington.



Poor Russia.

POOOR Russia! So poor in all that is best,
In homes proud and happy with liberty blest,
In sturdy defenders from labor's great mart;
To fight for her honor with right loyal heart;
In kindly protection her children to lead,
Where the lash and the prison are made to succeed;
The last wretched toiler must hunger and bleed
To grind out the taxes her nobles to feed.

The road to Siberia, so rugged and long,
Is paved with the hearts of patriots strong.
Her chains, as her mines, that are silent and deep,
Are rusty with tears where her own children weep.

Poor Russia! So proud of her nobles and kings,
All the paraphernalia autocracy brings,
Scions of royalty, and dukes by the score,
And gallant officials to guard every door;
Generals and officers covered with lace,
And armies well trained in soldierly grace,
Her temples and palaces, marble and stone,
What matter for these that her people must groan.

Her fountains and gardens and grand colonnade
Where royalty dances in brilliant parade.

With fleets on the sea, and her armies on land,
She challenged Japan with her armaments grand.
The world stood amazed that the baby should dare
To measure her arms with the great Russian bear;
That for right she should fight with a powerful wrong,
There was sympathy deep and earnest and strong.

Russia's army before so carefully lined,
She quite had forgotten the army behind;
Who, having no father to give them a care,
To hear a petition or grant them a prayer,
And asking were answered with cannon and shell,
All crimsoned the snow where her citizens fell!
Now the army behind most plainly will score
An army out-ranking the army before;
Wiser heads it will take to wipe out the ban
Than to silence battalions of plucky Japan.

Before it was glory and conquest and forts,
Behind it was kingdom and subjects and courts;
Her children down-trodden in poverty's toil
Begging existence from the lords of the soil.

But groans of the dying and starving to-day
Go up to Jehovah in fearful array;
The bear in the palace now trembles afraid,
The bear born of sorrow is howling with rage.
And ten times ten thousand who lie in their gore
Are swelling the curses that centuries score.

But the mills of the gods grind exceedingly fine,
Blood-washed may they come to a freedom benign;
And the high and the low in God-given might,
Their Liberty measure for Justice and Right!

For God and the Right.

AROUSE ye brave freemen! The time draweth near,
All the world stands in awe your answer to hear.
Shall tyranny triumph? Shall treason afright?
Or stand ye up bravely for God and the Right?

The crowned heads of Europe now trembling await,
For they in our future but read their own fate;
Shall kings rule, or people in God-given might?
Oh, answer for freedom, for God and the Right.

Your forefather's spirits seem whispering to you,
To the heritage left you, O brave sons, be true;
The land that we died for no treason should blight,
Then do your whole duty, for God and the Right.

A voice as of thousands comes from battle plain,
See to it, our brothers, we died not in vain;
The birth-right of Freedom our children ye plight
When manfully standing for God and the Right.

The dear, dear old flag that seemeth to vie
The rainbow, God's promise and star-lighted sky,
Waves you prophetically on to the light,
Found only in Freedom, in God and the Right.

Then for your brave martyrs, the land you love well,
Your banners, your free schools, and dear Sabbath bells,
Speak calmly, speak bravely, Oh speak in your might
For Country, for Freedom, for God and the Right.

Then and Now.

WE gather in commemoration
Of old, old time association,
Each bringing to this festive board
Some memory sweet from his treasured hoard
Of early times – we call them olden, —
When life was bright and dreams were golden.
And promise had made all labor light,
Rough places smooth and the dark sides bright;
As with a will, for good times coming,
Long strides were made for that grand summing.

From North and South we had gathered here,
Each with a purpose, glowing with cheer,
And clinching all in sweet relations,
New England's sons with best vocations
Had made their homes and given a hand
In making bloom the beautiful land.

The loving wife and the mothers true,
The halo of love o'er rough life threw,
And the young bride who had laid away
Orange flowers for traveling gray;
Blessed with her smiles and her courage strong
The thorny way as they toiled along.

And honest pride one could but know,
For such a home in its pristine glow,

Unbroken lands in primitive green
 Flower-decked the fairest ever seen;
 With wave-like swells and with colors gay
 Stretched out for miles and miles away.

Here music wild and weird rose high
 From dashing waves to the midnight sky;
 In the unceasing cataract's roar,
 Launching its waters from shore to shore.

And a gayer song and fuller glee
 Thrilled Minnehaha, merry and free,
 As it warbled, laughed and threw its spray
 In fairy dance or magical play,
 With rainbow shadows the livelong day,
 And joyfully floated on—away.

And beautiful lakes, the sweetest I ween
 That ever were kissed by boughs of green,
 With beachen shores lay in the light
 Of summer suns or blossomed at night;
 With myriad stars, the heavens through,
 With lavish hand from its vaulted blue.

This was our home. And what of the life
 That with earnest thought and soul was rife?
 Did we lack pleasures and joy refined
 To feed and to satisfy the mind?
 Not so, our places of worship were plain,
 But prayers were earnest, nor preaching vain,
 And the winter evenings brought their cheer
 Of gathered friends that were true and dear.

While all the great events of the day
Were in true parliamentary way,
Discussed in lyceums where we met
In grand debate by an august set.

But I've been dreaming. What is this?
A vision delusive or mirage bliss?
The work of magic or wondrous fay?
This marvelous town, this city gay
That lies before us in beauty to-day?

Here schools and churches, spacious and tall,
Have domes and spires to crown them all,
And the organ's swell and ringing bell
Seem trembling with the joy they tell
As they scatter music, full and round,
Till the air vibrates with sweetest sound;
While from open windows softly float
The light guitar's and piano's note,
From home's palatial or vine covered cot,
For culture is the rich and poor man's lot.

And here—right here with iron hands,
That bind with masterful hand the lands;
The engine is plying too and fro,
So like the shuttles that come and go,
And the nation's woof, its noisy tread
Is as surely weaving thread by thread,
While silent, working its finer part,
Binding mind to mind and heart to heart,
This great magician, telegraph wire,
Hugging the world with its belt of fire.

The giant cataract bound in chains
Is clanking his bands and straining the reins
That hold him in check—the poor old slave!
As a thousand wheels turned by his wave,
Sawing the lumber, grinding the grain,
Forging the iron, welding the chain,
Sending the shuttle with fairy-like tread,
Whirling the spindle that spins the thread;
So like our lives, with many a flaw,
But guided still by beautiful law.

And yet of all the wonderful here,
This is the most—for isn't it queer?
The Father of Waters, (have you heard?)
Is in every sense of the word
A Mason? 'Tis true, and wears to-day
His apron in a masterly way.

But half the glories I may not sing
In the humble tribute that I bring
To this gay banquet, and where we meet
The friends of other days to greet.

Then touch your glasses with a merry ring,
And while to the wind all care we fling,
Pledge in cold water, sparkling and clear,
To every son and daughter here.
Love for the old and joy to the new,
Loyal to the past, to the present true;
Nor let us forget the loving hand
That gave us homes in this favored land.

And while the past gleams out like a star,
And beams of the present more radiant are,
We trust the future's hope-freighted-fleet
May bring us joys as lasting and sweet;
While to that love we gratefully bow
That blessed us then—is blessing us now.

Now Ye Shall Succeed.

BRAVE sons of Erin, now you shall succeed!
You hold within yourselves the aid you need,
When life is nobly on the altar laid
Your cause is won, nor need you be afraid.

When grand convictions have so filled the heart
As leaves no room for self to hold a part,
When burning wrongs have so inflamed the breast—
To royal deeds you shall not be oppressed.

O, Irishmen, be brave and undismayed!
For homes and rights are in the balance laid,
God's mills grind slow, but they are ever sure,
Then bare your breasts like men and still endure!

So long you sowed that others yet should reap,
And they still fatten whilst you work and weep,
So long have heard your children cry for bread
Whilst bloated lords your sweat and toil have fed.

So long have waited, thirsting for the light,
Starving for knowledge that was yours by right,
Borne the oppressor's yoke and felt his heel,
Crushing the heart and hope without appeal.

You have the right to wear what you shall win,
To ask the better never is a sin;
To make of your abilities the best,
You have the right, less is to be oppressed.

You have the right to reap if you but sow,
The right to learn whate'er there is to know,
To clothe and feed your children, and inspire
The love of liberty and its desire.

Then make demand and press it as thou wilt!
And every drop of blood for freedom spilt
Shall have a tongue of fire to wake the land,
And of plain men make heroes bravely grand.

The gods love manhood, then fear not the strife,
Hold loyalty to cause above your life.
The God of Justice will your battle fight,
Then strike for homes, for liberty and right!

O, suffering sons, be worthy, suffering sires!
Still let oppression kindle freedom's fires!
The Lord is just and every groan and tear
Must be atoned by treasure doubly dear.

To die as heroes, better than live slaves,
You cannot ask for fairer, greener graves
Than the bright Emerald Isle that ocean laves,
If still above the flag of Freedom waves.



EXILED.

FAREWELL, farewell home beloved,
I have loved you long and well,
Loved you loyally and fondly,
How the tender memories swell.

Here we came in youth's glad morning,
Hearts abrim with promise bright,
All the future years adorning
With hope's rosiest delight.

On our bridal day we started
For this land of radiant dreams,
Hand in hand and joyous hearted,
Looking back how fair it seems.

Here we worked and planned together,
Planting tree and shrub and vine,
Made our home as birds a-feather,
Lovingly their nests entwine.

Made it where the brightest sunshine
Should its fairest radiance lay,
Hope and love its cares should refine
While we walked life's devious way.

Here our fairy castles lifted,
Pink and pearly, rosy bright,
And the locust blossoms drifted
In the softest evening light.

And we dreamed that we should slumber
In the wood beside the lake,
When the autumn days should number
And the years long shadows make.

But the sullen clouds were drifting,
That should wash away in tears,
Loves and castles quickly rifting
With hopes darkened into fears.

You are sleeping, dearest, sleeping,
Where Atlantic waters roar,
I am weary, lone and dreaming
Of the days that come no more.



Passed Away.

PASSED away, I do but dream.
Oh! this pain, I must awake.
No not real—it does but seem
God would not our darling take.

Passed away, Oh! eyes so dear,
Never more to meet our own.
Ears are aching for the cheer
Of her lightest word or tone.

Passed away, but no, not dead,
Were it so our hearts would break,
Sleeping? Yes, they might have said,
Folded hands a resting take.

No not dead, but gone before,
Through the portals open wide,
Soon we too shall seek the shore
That her swifter feet have tried.

Passed away, O Saviour dear,
Fold her to thy loving breast!
Angels chant the requiem clear,
Crowned with labor, love and rest.

Show Me the Way.

SHOW me the way, my father,
Show me the way!
Let me feel Thy arms around me
That I may not stray.
I am weary, faint and doubting,
Give me courage still;
Still to wait and work nor falter
If it be Thy will.

Show me the way, my Father,
Trusting in Thy light,
Clasp my hand and hold it firmly,
Guiding me aright;
That my feet may never falter,
Though the way be steep,
Lead me ever, kindly lead me
Through the waters deep.



Another New Year.

A NOTHER New Year has unfolded
Its marvelous volume of white,
Its pages are all to be written,
How-be-it in shadow or light.
And time, the mighty recorder,
Is holding the pen that shall write
Each act, or each deed that is brought him
By the angel of day and of night.

Written in gladness and sunshine,
Written in sorrow and tears,
Written in anticipation,
Or disappointment and fears.
Written in reveling pleasure,
Or in crime that blisters and sears,
In dreams that were vain and delusive,
Or in deeds that uplifts and endears.

Written by feet that are slipping
While vainly praying for light;
By hearts grown cold with imploring
For the light that should guide them aright.
But alas! the book will be written
In letters that naught can efface,
And never a highway or by-way
Is left a wrong to retrace.

And never a word that is spoken
Can be washed by many-fold tears,
And never a heart that is broken
Shall find the consoling of years.
O cruel and pitiless volume
The mighty recorder will write,
How-be-it in sorrow and anguish,
Or in deeds that are glowing and bright.

Be Not Doubting.

SONS of labor be not doubting,
Trust Jehovah's power for right!
Right is just as sure to triumph
As is morn to follow night;
Be courageous for the battle,
For your homes and country fight!

Oft it seems that wrong is rampant,
Reaping where it had not strown,
Gathering a smiling harvest
That some weary hands had sown;
Never doubt that in the gleaning
Each will gather in his own.

Greed and graft are widely sowing.
Poverty on every hand,
Heeding not how wretched toilers
Multiply throughout the land;
Breeding hate and crime and envy
That extravagance has fanned.

Though the arrogant and haughty
Labor grinds with sweat and moil,
They are training with their burdens
Men who shall possess the soil;
Men with brains and brawn and muscles,
Banish slavish want and toil.

Loyal men heed not the glitter
Though it seems all good to hold!
Manly worth the world is needing,
Men who are not bought or sold;
Jealous only of your honor,
It has value more than gold.

Have you history forgotten?
How the nations have evolved
Freedom from the dire oppression,
Kings and autocrats forestalled?
When their reckless dissipation,
Laws and people held in thrall?

Glory in your honest labor!
Bravely compromise, defy!
From the world respect compelling,
Truth and justice still the cry!
Willing hands, clear brains are wanted,
Men so grand they will not lie!

Down your arms! Be not disloyal!
Use the ballot, yours by right!
Guard it as you guard your banner,
Symbols of your country's might!
These your birthright, keep them ever,
To the world a beacon light.

Liberty! Born of the ages!
Hold it not with reckless hand!
Star of hope to all the nations
That the winds of heaven have fanned;
Say it reverently and proudly,
"This my own, my native land."

After the Battle.

A thousand faces, upturned and white,
A thousand hands in death's close fold;
Dear eyes that nevermore shall light,
And loyal hearts, pulseless and cold.

Poor, silent lips, so pale and still,
That told their tale of love last night;
And purposes all unfulfilled
That dazed with promise's happy light.

A thousand mothers weep to-day
The eldest son or youngest born,
And sunny heads so coldly lie,
Wont to pillow on bossoms warm.

And widowed hearts as cold and chill,
As the dear forms they pressed last eve,
Who on red couches lie so still,
You doubt a wife was left to grieve.

A thousand plans of work to do,
A thousand dreams with beauty fraught,
To bless the world that men so true
Would with their hands and brains have wrought.

Have all gone out in one day's strife,
All swallowed deep in one dark grave?
What compensates this waste of life,
This hellish draught the people gave?

Of blood and tears, of grief and pain,
Of breaking hearts and widow's moans,
Of hopes and purposes and aims,
To glut the caprices of thrones?

When will Thy fatherhood, O God,
With man's dear brotherhood be learned?
When will the nation to Thy rod
Of love bow down in darkness spurned?

Must the measures of wrath be filled?
Must the wine from the grapes be trod?
Meet for the temple Thou shall build
To crown the kingdom of Christ, the Lord.



My Valentine.

A valentine rare I send to my darling,
My sweet little Gladys, so quaint and so fair,
I will fill it with kisses for the dear little lady,
And Cupid evangel—my message shall bear.

Bright as the rays of the sun in the morning,
Is every dear glance that comes from her eyes,
And gay as the linnet her laughter is peeling,
Such queer little sayings still fill with surprise.

Gladys, my heart's ease, as sweet as the roses,
Our dear little daisy or lady's-delight,
I would smother my girlie with ten thousand kisses
If I could but have you and hold you to-night.

Gone with the Floods of the Years.

PASSING away with the year,
My hands are stretching in vain,
Imploring with many a tear,
Will bring you never again,
Dear sweet loves, never again.

Passing away with the year,
My bright, my beautiful dreams,
Cherished with longings and fears,
Now only for memories themes;
Sands, sands in a flowing stream.

Passing away with the year,
Melting in darkness away,
I kneel alone by the bier,
Of hopes that wake not with the day,
Wake never more with the day.

Passed with the flood of the years,
And I am calling in vain,
Bring, O bring me my flowers,
The waves sob, "Never again,"
Echoes sigh back the refrain.

What the River Said to Me.

RIVER, river, onward rushing,
 Ringing, singing to the sea,
 I am listening, heart-beats hushing
 To the song you sing to me.

Waters, waters, sparkling, dashing,
 Tossing in the wildest glee,
Make the song of thy glad splashing
 Sweetly audible to me.

Waves all froth-capped with the lashing
 Of the rocks that bar thy way,
Weird the notes of restless thrashing,
 Tell, Oh tell me what they say!

I would catch the deepest meaning
 Of thy thunder's awful roar,
Still content if but the gleaming
 Falls to me of thy great store.

Seemingly I hear you saying,
 As I bend my listening ear,
Hushed in deepest silence, praying
 That thy words be strong and clear.

Life is like the river sweeping
Onward to the unknown sea;
Smoothly, gliding, madly leaping
In its efforts to be free.

Onward, onward, curving, swaying,
Hedged by adamantine walls,
Onward, onward, no delaying,
Sever all the binding thralls.

Snapping fetters make the ringing
In the melody you hear;
But for rocks there were no singing
Of the waters bright and clear.

Bounding higher, gayer dancing
For the obstacles they meet,
Stronger for the next advancing,
Plowing furrows broad and deep.

Wave on wave, still madly dashing,
Tear and bruise in their wild might,
But the brightest sparks are flashing
Where the waters hardest smite.



Prayer for the President.

OUR nation's God to thee,
Author of powers that be,
We look to-day;
And while Thy hand doth guide
The storms that o'er us ride,
Bless Him who stems the tide,
Guide still our President!

Insistent may he be
To make our country free,
From faction strife;
But resolute and true,
With urge the right to do,
Ideals high pursue,
God guide our President!

True, honest, loyal, wise,
Earnest for fair emprise,
Still may he be;
May love's compelling hand,
Make for righteousness our land,
Liberty exalted stand,
God guide our President!

May graciousness benign,
With wisdom most divine,
Make clear his way;
Brave to the right defend,
Swift, needed help to lend,
Love's heroism blend,
Father, in our President!

Not Yet.

NOT yet, not yet! Dear Father, put away
The bitter cup! O let it pass to-day!
O coward heart, why feel such sore afright,
Only to think of what might come to-night!
Might come to-night; and lips so dewy red,
Be white and cold, the warm, sweet life all fled,
And dear bright eyes a misty veil enclose
Where love nor anguish wakens their repose.

And Oh, not yet! would we this life depart,
We love so well, the work we have at heart,—
Ambition, fame—let us but reach their goal,
Our names to write on their immortal scroll.
Let not misfortune with its cruel pain
Our idols raze, though loving them were vain.
They are so fair, approaching the divine,
That life were death if these we must resign.

Holding the present with such keen delight
Of joys possessed, O! let us dream to-night.
Is life so sweet that we would longer stay?
Who made it so, is with us still alway;
And if not yet we clearly see the way
With its Elysian, fairer than the day.
See not the pearly gates or streets of gold,
And azure skies with amethyst unfold,

Still doubt not that His wisdom will inspire
This love of life, with longings, better, higher;
And past the mists enshrouding mortal sight
Life, love and joy, immortal shall unite.
Where now we see in part we then shall know
The little knowledge we have gained below,
Increased a thousand fold love's mounting fire
In the omniscient flooding all desire.



SENTENCED.

AN INCIDENT

SENTENCED you say! and life's long day
With prison walls is hedged around;
No hope for him, a starless way
Through all the years that life shall bound.

He killed our boy, took his young life
And sent his soul unwarned to God,
Nor keener pain from grief's sharp knife
Can pierce my heart above the sod.

They say our boy was rough and wild,
Wicked and sinning, and I know
He never was a patient child,
But answered quick with word or blow.

They cannot know how when a child
He held my head and bathed my brow;
So sorry when reproof was mild,
Making resolves to date from now.

And when my darling's fate I mourn,
That other mother's face I see;
And on the very winds are borne
That mother's tearful wail to me.

Yes, husband, sign, 'tis surely right,
My name, I add, to set him free,
And then will pray the Lord of might
As I have done so do my me.

If more than mother's love and care
Encircles all His children round,
I know my own is safely there,
For only this such love can bound.



MINNEHAHA.

MINNEHAHA laugh away, .
Lash thy waters, dash thy spray,
Joyful notes forever soar
In thy merry splash and roar.
Rainbows flitting in thy foam,
Turning it to fairy dome;
Laughing waters, tell me pray,
Do not angels round thee play?

Does Titana's glittering throng,
Lead the dance or breathe the song,
Midst thy crystal waters bright,
Shadows flitting in delight?
Do not seraphs love to dwell
In this fair, sequestered dell?
Does not zephyr's breath, O say.
Mingle with Eolian lay?

List again, O tell me more!
Let thy theme be days of yore,
When the red man joyfully
Ranged these prairies broad and free.
Did the warrior at thy side,
Where the sparkling waters glide,
Woo the maid his heart held dear,
Minnehaha, was it here?

Was not here the evening prayer
Wafted on the evening air,
To the Spirit great on high
Who inhabiteth the sky?
They heed me not! On they go
Dashing on the rocks below;
Laughing notes are all I hear
Minnehaha singing clear.



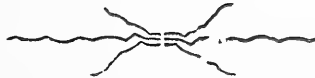
Silver Wedding Bells.

RING, ring the bells, the joyous bells!
Peel on peel for the matchless wedding!
Joy bells only whose music tells
Of wedded love's progressing.

Ring! ring the bells, the joyous bells!
For the golden stairs they are climbing.
Twenty years their music tells
Of waiting, working and rhyming.

Hand in hand may they hear the bells,
The loving numbers counting,
As year on year their music swells
With love's flame higher mounting.

Ring on and on, till gates ajar
Open in happy greeting!
And the Elysian fields afar
Echo with joyful meeting.

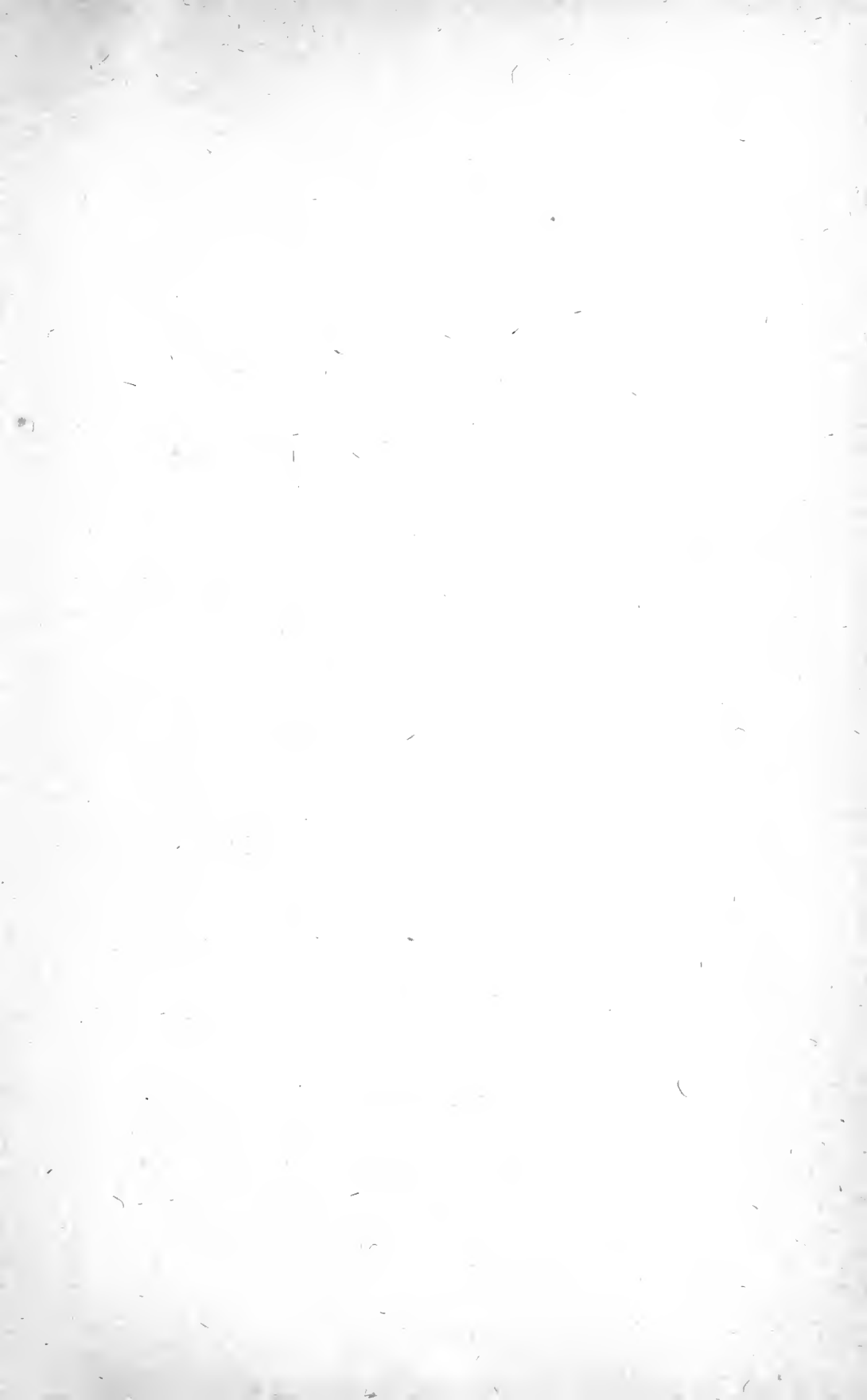


FANCIES.

I am musing to-night upon faces,
How varied and different the traces
That are written by sorrow and care;
Unerringly marking the races,
And each one's nativity places
By something unfailingly there.

Pathetically telling of losses,
How painful and hard are the crosses
That come to their portion to bear;
And plainer still of the drosses,
Of hopes lying under the mosses
That dazzled with promises rare.

Radiantly writing the joy,
Almost without an alloy
Some fortune capriciously brings;
When fame has crowned them with glory,
And love repeated the story,
And sealed it with promise and ring.



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